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[THE ESCAPE.]

YORKE SCARLETT;

or,

THE MILLIONAIRE.

By the Author of "Evander," "Scarlet Berries," "Heart's Content," &c.

CHAPTER X.

Lara: Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec.: Because you dare not.

Lara: I dare anything.

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.

In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

The Spanish Student.

For upwards of an hour the knocking at the wall continued. That this was no accidental or purposeless sound, its continuance persuaded Robert, who was worked up by it into a state of feverish impatience.

He fell into a doze, from which he was aroused by the falling of a brick upon the floor; starting up, he perceived, to his amazement, that the indefatigable workman, who had disturbed his rest for some time past, had broken a hole through the wall, which he was gradually enlarging. Robert looked on with curiosity, mingled with stupefaction. Had he some friend without, who, knowing that he was imprisoned by Count Jarnac, had come to his rescue? It was scarcely probable. More likely some thieves were cleverly making their way into the house, and did not know that he was confined in the vault.

In half-an-hour after the fall of the first brick, the aperture was sufficiently widened to admit of the passage of a man's body. A cold and somewhat feeble draught of air was blown into the vault.

A man's voice, gruff and hoarse, exclaimed through the hole:

"Within, there?"

"Well!" replied Robert.

"Are you Mr. Scarlett?" was the second query.

"I am, and if you are a friend I shall thank you to help me out of this prison, into which I have come

by no fault of my own; but tell me first how I am to know you are not an enemy, and that this is not some new plot on the part of Count Jarnac?"

"If the count wanted your life he could take it easily, and perhaps with impunity, without any further stratagem. I am a friend. Ask not my name; ask not how I came to know you were in confinement, or why I interest myself in your welfare. All I can tell you is, that I work in the sewers, and knowing that you were here, thought I might earn a pound by freeing you. Perhaps I am sent by Miss Elsie, perhaps I am not. I can tell you nothing more."

"I am content to trust you," said Robert: "your reward shall be handsome, if you restore me to liberty and the light of day once more. Tell me what I am to do."

"Creep through the hole I have made, and let me take hold of your arms, as there is a fall of three feet into the sewer. Go gently," replied the stranger from without, in the same hoarse voice.

Robert lost no time in doing as he was instructed. He was the more expeditious in his movements as he heard a noise overhead, as if the trap-door was being lifted, preparatory to a descent by the Count Jarnac.

Crawling through the hole, he was quickly seized in a vigorous grasp, and placed on his feet, about a yard below the aperture. It was lucky that this was so, for an arm was protruded, and a pistol ball went crashing by, striking the opposite wall.

It was the last desperate effort of the Count Jarnac, who had descended just in time to find the bird flown, and who had fired a shot at random, hoping to injure, if not kill his late prisoner.

"This way," exclaimed the stranger, who seized Robert by the arm, and led him forward hurriedly.

He carried a dark lantern, whose rays illuminated the sewer, which had about two feet of water in it. The walls were dirty and covered with slime; walking was difficult; it could not in fact be called walking, it was wading, and the water flowed up increasing in volume every minute.

"Quick," the stranger continued, "the tide is coming in, and we have no time to lose."

Robert was not backward in exerting himself, which he did to the utmost.

A quarter of an hour's walking brought them to a grating, which the stranger easily removed, it having been taken from the brickwork previously.

They walked through the mud and water outside, and found themselves on the bank of the Thames at Chelsea. The tide was running up with great velocity, and their progress, had it been delayed, would have been made with difficulty.

The bank was reached in a few minutes, and Robert paused to gain breath.

They were in the roadway near the new railway bridge at Chelsea: all was still and desolate as the grave. It was probably three o'clock in the morning, a cold air was blowing, the stars twinkled overhead, but there was no moon.

Robert tendered the stranger three sovereigns, which was all the money he had in his pocket.

"Keep your money; you may want it," said the stranger. "I have served you and I am already paid by another. Good bye." He raised his lantern aloft, so that the light was able to cast a ruddy glare upon his countenance.

The act was but momentary. Having done it he lowered the lantern and was gone.

"That face! it is the dread phantom!" cried Robert, sinking on his knees in the roadway. "Always that face. Oh, Heaven! when shall I cease to be haunted by the phantom of my father?"

For some time he remained as one stunned.

The cold air, which increased the disagreeable feeling caused by his wet garments, aroused him from his lethargy, and he walked on like a man in a dream until he met a cab, which took him back to his chambers.

Dr. Copeland had not yet retired to rest.

Robert told him his story in as few words as possible.

"I am not in the least surprised," replied the doctor; "treachery was what I suspected from the outset."

"But the phantom?"

"Did you good service in this case at all events?" said the doctor, with a smile. "Accept it as your good genius."

"I do not know what to think or do," said Robert. "If I were to meet Flora I think I might really marry her. I want a good woman to save me. Excitement! I must have excitement, and for me there can be none without ruin or dissipation."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Hasten the end if you will. It must come sooner or later."

Robert made no reply, but throwing himself down, wet and dirty as he was, went to sleep, completely exhausted with the agitating events of the evening.

In the morning Dr. Copeland heard with some amusement Robert's determination to prosecute Count Jarnac.

"Of what use would a prosecution be?" he asked.

"I should send him to prison, put a stop to his swindling career, and have my revenge," was the reply.

"In the first place, my dear boy," answered the doctor, cutting the top off his third egg, "you won't find him at the old house in Chelsea; in the second, if you did, you would only stir up muddy water. There would be a scandal in open court, and the count, as he calls himself, might get committed for trial. I don't say he would, because the law is so gloriously uncertain; and there are many people who would find it very difficult to believe your wonderful story about the subtle vapour, the vault, or the mysterious stranger who bears such a remarkable resemblance to your father. If that came out, people would say you were subject to delusions, and the whole scene was a sham and a shiner. Leave it alone, if you will take my advice."

"I will send up to Chelsea and enquire if this man, Jacques Sardon, or whatever his real name is, lives there," said Robert.

"Do that by all means; there is no harm in that," replied the doctor.

Accordingly Robert despatched a messenger to Chelsea, who in a couple of hours returned, saying the house was shut up, and the neighbours reported that the Count Jarnac had removed at an early hour that morning, but no one knew whither.

"You see," said Dr. Copeland, when this news was brought, "that my knowledge of the world and of human nature is not so contemptible as you suppose. You have had a narrow escape of being infamously swindled, and you might have lost your life if you had remained obstinate in your refusal to part with your money."

"The question of money is beginning to embarrass me," remarked Robert, who seemed desirous of changing the subject.

"And no wonder," replied the doctor. "Your whole fortune, you must remember, consisted of fifty thousand pounds when you commenced life, and the house and land at Newry, near Kessingland. The house is unoccupied, and consequently unproductive. The land brings you in five hundred per annum. At the present increased value of the land and the demand for that sort of property, you might sell the house and land for five-and-twenty thousand pounds, or you might borrow some money on it, if you do not care about parting with your paternal acres."

"I shall sell it right out," rejoined Robert, "for I must have some money to carry on the war. It is exceedingly unfortunate I cannot meet with Flora, because by carrying out my original scheme I could get her fortune. I cannot make out what my father did with all his money. I have heard that he was worth nearly double the sum he left, but people always exaggerate in these matters. If a man has a few thousand pounds, report, as a rule, invariably doubles the sum."

"It is of advantage in this matter to go to respectable people, or you may get cheated," observed the doctor. "Some time ago I was acquainted with Mr. Price, the managing man in Mr. Rankin's office. Rankin is well known as a very fair money-lender; he will not take advantage of you, and if you like I will arrange an introduction."

"Doctor, you are invaluable to me," said Robert. "You minister to my mind, my body, and even have a remedy for my pocket. It was a lucky moment when I engaged you as my body-guard, if I may be pardoned the expression."

"More lucky, perhaps, than you imagine at present," answered Dr. Copeland.

"What do you mean?" asked Robert.

"Time will show," the doctor said, oracularly. Robert Yorke Scarlett looked puzzled. The doctor lighted a large cigar; he was a great smoker. Robert was the first to return to the conversation which had engaged their attention a short time before.

"Mortgaging an estate is like pawning it," he said.

"The chances are you never redeem it, and you do not in the long run get so much for it as if you had sold it."

"It was not my good fortune to receive an estate from my father," observed Dr. Copeland. "He was like myself, a hard-working professional man. He gave me an education and a profession, and when he died left me his practice and his blessing. But if he had left me land, I should have thought twice before I would have parted with it."

"What does it matter? I want enjoyment. Money brings excitement, and with excitement comes enjoyment," answered Robert, with a wild laugh.

"Not true enjoyment," said Dr. Copeland. "That is the mistake you make; but I fear you are not yet in the frame of mind to listen to me while I moralise, and derive any benefit from what I say."

"It seems to me there are two sides to your character," Robert remarked, scrutinising him closely.

"There are. Up to the present time you have seen the worst. It may be that you will some day see the better side."

"If I could meet Flora——"

"Would it be to her advantage? I am afraid not. If you were able to recognise the fact that a virtuous and amiable wife brings happiness to her husband, you would alter your opinion and——"

"My dear doctor, this is insufferable," replied Robert. "I shall fancy presently that my habits have altered altogether and that I am in church listening to a prosy sermon. I am determined to go to the end. What will become of me when all my money is gone? I neither know nor care. A short life and a merry one is my motto. It may be that the end will be bitter—if so, I can't help it. A short life and a merry one, doctor. Fill your glass with champagne and drink my toast."

Dr. Copeland did as he was asked, but in a faint-hearted manner. His heart was not in the toast as was that of his young friend.

Robert's extravagant mode of living induced those tradesmen who had given him credit to make inquiries into his resources. His father's will invited inspection at Doctors' Commons, and when it was found that he was not so rich as they had imagined, they sent in their bills, which reduced his balance at the bank to such an extent that he was obliged to have recourse to the money-lender of whom Dr. Copeland had spoken.

Mr. Rankin occupied a house in Bedford Square, and was seldom seen in a transaction until it was near its completion. The doctor said that he was an old man, and that Mr. Price, his confidential clerk, managed his business for him.

Robert drove the doctor to the house, and they entered together.

Mr. Price received them courteously, and said: "I presume this is the young gentleman of whom you spoke to me?"

"Mr. Yorke Scarlett," answered the doctor. "He is desirous of selling some property in Oxfordshire."

"Very well. Give me the name and address of your solicitor, who will show me the title deeds and a copy of the will under which he holds possession, and I will send our valuer down to look at the property," answered Mr. Price. "In a week you shall hear from us, advising you whether we will buy it at that price."

Dr. Copeland gave the necessary information, and the interview being over in five minutes, they were bade out by Mr. Price.

"That is what I call a business man," said the doctor, as they drove away.

"Very much so. Such men save time and trouble."

There was nothing further to be done until a week had elapsed. Dr. Copeland returned to their lodgings, while Robert drove over to St. John's Wood, where he had an engagement to dinner at a particular hour.

When Dr. Copeland reached home, there was a man waiting to see Robert. He asked him his business.

"I am an agent employed by a private enquiry office, to which Mr. Scarlett made an application," replied the man.

"Of what nature?"

"He gave us a photograph of a young lady, whose address in London he wanted—a Miss Flora Rainham."

"And you have found it?" asked the doctor.

"I have."

"You have come here to give him this address, and to receive your reward? Name the amount, if you please."

"A certain sum was paid to the principal of the office, and fifteen pounds is now due to him. I have no right to claim anything, but Mr. Scarlett promised me twenty pounds and my expenses, which are over ten."

"Give me the address, and you shall have the money. You need not call again. Mr. Scarlett

asked me to see to this matter for him. I will apprise him of your visit."

The man was overjoyed. He signed the receipt, received the money, gave the address of Flora Rainham which he had discovered and went away, satisfied and highly delighted.

As soon as he was gone, the doctor threw the address into the fireplace, without looking at it, and after tearing it into twenty pieces.

As Robert did not return till very late, they did not meet until the morning at a late breakfast.

"Any news, doctor?" asked Robert.

"Nothing of any importance. A man called yesterday from the private enquiry office."

"Oh! Have they discovered anything about Flora?"

"Absolutely nothing," replied the doctor. "They have made every possible effort without success, and the man came to say that it was their opinion that she had left London, as they could not find any trace of her."

"Then they have abandoned the search?"

"Entirely."

Robert heaved a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Dr. Copeland, with apparent carelessness, but in earnest, hanging upon his reply.

"I sometimes think I could love that girl, give up my career of dissipation, and accord a trial to that virtue of which you often talk," answered Robert.

"Not yet. You must drink the cup to the dregs, and then you will see how bitter its contents really are. You will find some day that the phantom of pleasure which you have been pursuing is but a ghastly skeleton, which will grin at you with its death's head and fleshless jaws; but you will not believe me when I say so. You must buy your experience, as thousands of others have done before you."

"Upon my word, doctor, you are a pleasant companion," said Robert, with a half-sigh.

Dr. Copeland smiled.

Robert became silent. He was thinking about Flora and the ill-success of the private enquiry office people, little imagining that the doctor was deceiving him. That Dr. Copeland would betray him had never entered his mind for an instant.

It happened, however, that Dr. Copeland was a clever man, and that, whatever his purpose was, it did not suit him to tell his young friend everything.

He deemed it expedient to make a mystery of Flora's address, and he no doubt had excellent and all-sufficient reasons for pursuing such a course of conduct. A letter was received in due course from Mr. Price, stating that the enquiries made by him were satisfactory, and offering a certain price for Newry Hall.

Robert decided to accept it.

"The money will last some time, and when it is gone I can live on credit; or I might meet Flora. Something will happen in my favour. If not, a pistol will get me out of my difficulties," he said.

They went to the money-lenders, taking the solicitor who acted for Robert with them.

Mr. Price was sitting at a desk covered with papers relating to the business of various people. He handed seats to his visitors. Robert's signature was required in various places, and he appended it without a word of investigation or enquiry.

The sum to be paid was only fifteen thousand, which was a low price, but money was scarce in the City. Landed property, it was alleged, had become depreciated in value, and Robert, who could never make a bargain in his life, took what was offered him.

"I will inform Mr. Rankin that you are here, Mr. Scarlett, and he will bring you a cheque for the amount," said Mr. Price.

He rose and, opening a green baize door in the wall, disappeared for a few minutes.

Never having seen Mr. Rankin, Robert felt some curiosity as to the personal appearance of the money-lender.

He came through the baize door, following closely on the heels of Mr. Price. A long, cashmere dressing-gown enveloped his frame; a velvet skull-cap was on his head, and he wore a massive gold ring, set with a single diamond of great price, on the third finger of his right hand.

"Which is Mr. Scarlett?" he asked.

Mr. Price pointed to Robert, who, instead of rising, remained riveted to his chair, staring at the money-lender as if he had seen a ghost.

"Here is an open cheque," continued Mr. Rankin, "and your property, young man, now passes from you and becomes mine. Such is the consequence of a spendthrift's career, and an inevitable act in the life-drama he plays."

With these words of ominous import, he laid the cheque upon the table, and taking up the title deeds of Newry Hall which Mr. Price handed him, retraced his steps, closing the door after him, when he had made a formal bow to the company assembled.

Robert was ghastly pale, and trembled in every limb. He said nothing. Dr. Copeland's voice roused him from the stupor into which he had fallen.

"Come," he said, "all is settled. Let us drive to your bank and pay in this cheque."

Rising like one in a dream, the young man left the room with the doctor. The solicitor went to his office in a cab. Mr. Price saw them to the door.

Getting into the brougham, Robert sank back upon the cushions and sighed heavily.

"Am I going mad?" he exclaimed, pressing his hands to his forehead.

"Why do you ask such a question?" enquired Dr. Copeland.

"Because, if I am not mad, I have seen my father again. It was he who gave me the cheque and bought my property. Never shall I forget his look and his words."

The doctor laughed loudly.

"Why," he said, "will trace a likeness in me next to the late Mr. Scarlett! This is absurd. I never heard anything so ridiculous—footman, traveller, bricklayer in the sewers, money-lender, and I don't know what besides! I doubt whether your father, when on the stage, played so many parts."

"If I am wrong, my brain must be weakened," replied Robert, with another sigh more profound than the first. "But it is odd that I should be mad on this one subject, is it not?"

"Oh, no. People are often sane on all points but one."

"Could you certify to my insanity, and shut me up in a mad-house?" asked Robert, nervously.

"Undoubtedly I could, in conjunction with another physician."

"It would be a fitting end to my senseless career. I am a haunted man, but I cannot heed the phantom and the warnings he would convey. I am like a stone rolling down hill, which it is impossible to stop till it gets to the bottom."

The doctor looked grave, but said nothing.

As for Robert he was profoundly melancholy all the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER XI.

How fading are the joys we do upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them lone.

Norris.

As will have been seen, there were moments when Robert Yorke Scarlett was seized with a fit of remorse. He was ashamed of the wild, reckless, dissipated and riotous life he was leading. He regretted having squandered a handsome fortune, and his heart fell when he reflected that he had sold the estate which his father had loved so well and which he had toiled so hard to acquire money to purchase.

These moments of remorse were transitory.

Gambling at various clubs, going to theatres and other places of amusement, hours spent behind the scenes, driving in the park or elsewhere, wine and dinner parties, together with the thousand-and-one ways which tempt a man with money and time to spare in London to amuse himself with, assailed him, and yielding he was speedily carried away in the vortex. He might have exclaimed, "Let us laugh and sing, for to-morrow we die." It was the veriest butterfly existence that was ever heard of.

He wasted thousands of pounds in making presents, to a famous singer at the opera, who occasionally condescended to speak to him in return for his lavish expenditure. In fact he seemed to think that the only use money could be put to was to cast it away on worthless objects, or use it for bad purposes.

Months rolled on without any diminution in his expenditure. He spent his time between London and Paris. Even Dr. Copeland grew tired of being associated with one who would not listen to reason, and who seemed determined to become a beggar.

"Is it not time," he exclaimed one evening, "that you should think of learning some profession. You have made no provision for the future, and I see from your accounts and your pass-book at your bankers that you are reduced to a very low ebb."

"It is too late for me to learn," replied Robert.

"Not too late to learn wisdom, nor is it too late to mend," said Dr. Copeland. "You have money enough left to begin some trade, to study for a liberal profession, or even to try if you could succeed help you though he is unknown to the present generation of playgoers."

"There will be time enough to think of that when everything else is gone," replied Robert. "At present I am not disposed to trouble my head with ways and means. I have enjoyed myself while the money lasted. One cannot have a cake and eat it."

"Work will be doubly unpleasant after being independent. Pause before it is too late."

"No. I shall not trouble my brains until every shilling is gone, and when I have no money and can obtain no credit, I will put on my thinking cap. Who knows—I may meet Flora, and then I can begin again."

"Perhaps she is prejudiced against you; some one may have given her an idea of your true character. But even if she should still have a good opinion of you, is it true that you would drag her down to poverty and misery, that you would betray her into a mock marriage, get her money, and leave her to her fate?"

"That has been my intention all along," answered Robert, with somewhat less than his former assurance.

"How can you justify such infamy?"

"My father robbed me, by leaving half, or nearly half his fortune to her. His personality was divided between Flora and myself; the real property I had, and have," he replied.

"Your father worked hard for what property he had, and surely he had a right to leave it to whom he liked."

"I do not recognize that right, and I will not abandon the idea of getting back what I look upon as my own," answered Robert, doggedly.

"I do not like your sentiments," said Dr. Copeland.

"Up to the present time I have borne with you, giving you good advice, and hoping that some day you would reform. When you became poor, I imagined you would certainly see the error of your ways; there is always an allowance to be made for young men, for you cannot put old heads on young shoulders; you, however, have seen the world, and are becoming a hardened sinner. I do not like irreclaimably, vicious men, and I take the liberty of telling you so."

"Do you know, my worthy son of Escenapius," said Robert, flushing a little, "that you are unpardonably rude."

"I admit that I have not studied my language, and that I did not mean to do so," rejoined the doctor, calmly.

"That is as much as to say that you wish to be personal and intentionally offensive; what would you say if I were to chastise you for your insolence?"

The doctor smiled in a pitying sort of manner.

"You are already enfeebled by a course of dissipation, and you would find it impossible to attack me with success. Your brain was the first to become diseased, for you know that you are subject to hallucinations. I do not say that you have yet ruined your constitution beyond hope of redemption, but you would quickly do so if your money lasted," he said.

"You are right," answered Robert, sinking back into the chair from which he had half risen, "I am not strong, and it would be folly for me to attempt to punish you by an act of violence. You know my physical weakness, and you bravely take advantage of it to insult me. It is wisdom."

"On the contrary, I give you my advice."

"Which is unasked for; I want no man's advice; I will be my own counsellor," Robert replied, fiercely.

"As you seem to be hostilely disposed towards me," the doctor said, "it seems that the time has arrived when we should part. I am not well off; I am not distinguished in my profession, and it is of advantage to me to have a patron; yet I have pride, and had I not been your father's friend I should not have remained with you so long. You are irreclaimably bad, I fear, and I do not care to be associated with a man who has not one redeeming quality."

"What do you mean?"

"When I first saw you at the inn at Oxford, you were making merry at the prospect of your father's death," replied Dr. Copeland, gravely: "that father who had on all occasions behaved well to you, and against whom you had no legitimate cause of complaint. You were unmoved when you found him dead, and your eyes were dry at his funeral. You disregarded his command, which was to love and cherish Flora, and only plotted how you might betray her simple confidence. You have been a drunkard, a gambler, and a spendthrift. You have habitually laughed at and outraged the honour of women, and ridiculed the friendship of men. It is high time, if I have any self-respect, that I should sever the connection existing between us."

"As soon as you like," answered Robert; "though I am not inclined to give you credit for the exalted opinions you profess. You see I am going down the hill; you have got all you can out of me, and, like a prudent rat, you desert the sinking ship."

"If you like to judge me wrongly, hold that opinion. I hope and trust even now that the time will come when you will change your mind and do me justice," the doctor said sadly.

"Why did you not endeavour to check me at first, if your virtuous mind was so filled with indignation at my vice?"

"Because I saw it was impossible. If you had not me for a companion you would have had some one else, and I have always endeavoured to restrain you, if I have done nothing else. Your life has for the last two years been a brief madness."

"Is a reformation impossible?" inquired Robert, musingly.

"By no means."

"Perhaps I shall turn over a new leaf," he continued, "though I can do nothing as long as I have any money. When all is gone I will reflect and see what is to be done. Will you help me, doctor, if I am penniless?"

"If you deserve it. I will not assist you to continue your career of dissipation," replied Dr. Copeland.

"Stay with me to the end; forget and forgive what I said just now. Do not leave me; I shall be like a ship in a storm without a rudder if I lose you."

"I prefer to go now," said the doctor. "Do not humiliate yourself further by pressing me, for I cannot stay. We part to-night. I have made arrangements to leave London."

"I shall not entreat you. It is a matter of indifference to me if you commit suicide by throwing yourself into the Thames or hang yourself to a lamp-post," Robert said, with the full force of his satirical manner.

Rising, he put on his hat and abruptly left the room.

The doctor had not exaggerated when he said that he meant to leave town, for his portmanteau was packed, and half an hour after Robert had gone away he left in a cab for the Great Northern station.

Whether he went, or what his business was, he did not leave any letter or message to convey the slightest idea to Robert, who, when he awoke in the morning, after a debauch, and calmly considered his position, felt sorry that he had lost the only man he could call a friend. He still met his old college acquaintances, Lord Elphinstone, Robert Dalrymple, Sir Keith Marshall, and Ailsa Craig, but they rather shunned him and avoided his society, as he was so extravagant and fast, as well as careless of his reputation, that to be a companion of his was compromising in itself.

Of Flora he could still learn nothing.

His affairs got by degrees into a desperate state, and he saw no way of mending them. Reflection upon his folly would obtrude themselves into his mind, but he dismissed unpleasant thoughts with an exclamation of annoyance, and sought oblivion amongst his boon companions.

At last his account at his bank was closed, and he had to remove to lodgings less expensive, selling articles of value he had collected during his prosperity—and even now he did not learn wisdom; extravagance, though in a minor degree, was his characteristic.

He had, towards the end of the London season, been up all night, playing cards with some students with whom he was acquainted, and he was walking home along Oxford-street, about eleven o'clock in the morning, with unsteady gait, flushed face, and swollen eyes.

A lady stopped and looked at him, almost immediately recognizing her.

He had intelligence enough left to recognise her. It was Mrs. Parker, the confidential servant of Flora Rainham. Here was a chance of gaining that information for which he longed; and hastening after her he touched her on the arm, saying:

"Do you not know me, Mrs. Parker?"

"You are Mr. Scarlett, if I am not mistaken," she replied. "I was half in doubt when I passed you, for you are so much altered and so different to what you used to be."

He looked at his clothes, which were dusty and disordered, covered with wine stains; his hat seemed to have been brushed the wrong way and had a dint in the side, gloves he had none, and his boots were unblacked.

"I have been reading lately," he said, deprecatingly. "I think I shall turn what little talent I have to some account soon. All last night I was up reading, and have just come out for a breath of fresh air."

Mrs. Parker shook her head.

"You do not believe me!" he exclaimed. "How is it that you have such a bad opinion of me? And tell me, what does Miss Rainham think? That reminds me that I want to ask you a multitude of questions, but perhaps you are not with Flora now."

"We have been inseparable," answered Mrs. Parker.

"Why did she leave the Hall on the night of the marriage so abruptly as she did?"

"She had her reasons; but I am not at liberty to answer your questions, Mr. Scarlett," replied Mrs. Parker.

"Let me see Flora. Where are you living?" persisted Robert.

"That must remain a secret."

"By heaven, it shall not!" cried Robert, angrily. "I have met you here in the street, and I will not leave you until I find out where you are both living. I must know! I am sure I have some enemy who has blackened my character and poisoned Flora's mind against me. If I could see her, all would be made smooth. You have confessed that you are still with her, and you shall tell me your address."

"I must respectfully decline," Mrs. Parker answered.

He seized her arm and gripped it so tightly that the woman cried out, attracting the attention of a passer-by, who gave him a push, saying:

"Let her alone. Can't you say what you've got to say without hurting her?"

Nervous and partly inebriated as Robert was, he was unable to preserve his balance, and he staggered into the road, tottering from the effects of the vigorous push.

There was a rush as of some heavy vehicle coming rapidly along. Many voices united in one warning cry.

He was conscious of a blow—a roaring sound—and he knew no more.

Presently willing hands dragged him from under the feet of two horses attached to a railway-van. He had been knocked down and trampled upon by the horses, until his senses left him.

"Does anyone know him?" "Search his pockets!"

"Take him to the hospital!" cried the people.

"I know him," replied Mrs. Parker, pushing her way to the front, as soon as she could get over the fright and the shock the accident had occasioned her. "Call a cab and put him in, poor man. I will see that he is cared for."

This was done, and Robert was driven quickly to a house near Cavendish Square. On a brass plate fixed to the door was the name "Dr. Copeland."

It was our old friend, who, after taking leave of all his friends in the country, had established himself in London. That Mrs. Parker should have known this, suggested that there was some communication between them.

However this might be, Robert was carried into the house and laid upon a bed, Mrs. Parker and Dr. Copeland standing by.

"You must retire," said the doctor to her. "But first tell me how this happened."

"We met in the street and he rushed under some horses. Oh, it was dreadful! Is he much hurt? Is he likely to die? If he is, it will be the death of Mr. ——"

"Hush! No names," answered the doctor. "It seems to me that the head is the part injured and that there are no bones broken, but you shall know presently."

Mrs. Parker withdrew, and Dr. Copeland made a careful examination of the injured man, who had received concussion of the brain. This, with a broken rib and sundry severe bruises, was all the harm the accident had done him, though how he had escaped with his life was a marvel.

He became delirious and had to be watched night and day. For weeks he remained in a dangerous state. His blood had, through his excesses, got into a poor condition, and all the skill of the physician was required to heal him and prevent the fluttering spark of life from quitting its frail tenement.

Slowly and by degrees consciousness returned. Robert fancied, as he lay half asleep, half awake, too weak to move, that a fairylike form flitted round his sick bed and with its own fair hands gave him cooling drinks.

This form had the face of Flora.

Whether he was dreaming or not he could not tell, but as he grew stronger, and his faculties became vigorous again, the form no longer haunted him.

He came to the conclusion that he was dreaming.

Dr. Copeland was unremitting in his attentions, and after three weary months of suffering and illness, Robert was able to sit up and go downstairs.

"How did it all happen, doctor?" he asked, when he was well enough to hold a sustained conversation. "How is it I find myself here, under your kind care?"

"Do you remember nothing?" rejoined Dr. Copeland.

"Only meeting Mrs. Parker and falling under the feet of those two horses. I had been up all night, several nights in fact, and my head was not very clear."

"They brought you here. I am practising in London now, and my house being near the scene of the accident, the people carried you to my door.

Recognising an old friend, I did what I could for you, and, without boasting, may say that I saved your life."

"Was it worth the trouble?" said Robert, with a touch of his old cynicism.

"While there is life there is hope."

"You have my best thanks. While I was ill I had pleasant fancies. I thought Flora was always by my side. If my pillows were smoothed, it was Flora's hands that arranged them. If I took sooth-ing draughts, she gave them to me."

"Pure imagination," rejoined Dr. Copeland, shortly.

"Dear girl!" Robert continued. "How illness knocks wicked desires out of a man, doctor."

"It has a chastening effect certainly. You will be well and strong again in a few weeks. What do you mean to do?"

"Heaven only knows! I cannot stay here. I will not trespass too much on your kindness. I will think. After what has passed between us, my presence here, when I am recovered, would be an intrusion and an insult."

"I did not mean that."

"But I mean what I say. I will think. I have youth and strength. The world is before me," said Robert.

A fortnight afterwards Mr. Soames called upon Robert at Dr. Copeland's. Soames had been the late Mr. Scarlett's butler for twenty years, and was deep in his confidence.

Soames stated that he had seen an account of Robert's accident in a paper, and finding he was at Dr. Copeland's, had come with a letter which his father had desired should be given to his son two years after his death.

"It is now just two years, or a little over, sir, since my dear old master breathed his last," said Soames; "and there is the letter."

He handed him an envelope, which the degenerate son opened with trembling hands.

The letter commenced abruptly in these words:

"Fearing, from the promise of your early youth, that you will become an incorrigible spendthrift, I write this letter to inform you that I have bequeathed you something which you may find of use when houses, land, and money are all spent. Go to the grotto at the bottom of the garden at Newry Hall—Soames will give you the key. On the table in the centre you will find a sheet of paper which will give you detailed instructions how to act."

"From your FATHER."

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

A MONK of the order of La Trappe has invented a new potato-peeling machine, by which a man can easily peel 600lb. of potatoes per hour.

THE TELEGRAPH SHIP IN THE CHANNEL.—Her Majesty's ship, *Brisk*, granted by the Admiralty to the International Mid-Channel Telegraph Company, has been successfully moored at the entrance of the English Channel, by Rear-Admiral Hall, C.B., in about 50 fathoms of water. The vessel is painted black, with the words "Telegraph Ship" in white letters on her sides; she has three masts, and at the top of the mainmast a large black cone will be hoisted during the day time, and a powerful globular light at night, elevated 30 feet above the sea, which in clear weather should be seen from a distance of six miles. A flare-up light will also be shown every fifteen minutes during the night, from an hour after sunset to an hour before sunrise. During foggy weather (day or night) a bell will be rung continually for half a minute every quarter of an hour, and for the first six months, or until the first day of October, 1870, a gun will be fired every quarter of an hour, and after that date every hour. The telegraph ship has on board a first-class stock of provisions, and also a limited supply of coals, for vessels in immediate need. A steam tug is attached as a tender, having her head-quarters at Penzance, and ready at a very short notice to attend orders by telegraph from the said vessel.

GENERATION OF STEAM POWER BY GAS.—The economy of steam power, as compared with every other motor that has been proposed, is universally acknowledged, but there are frequently local circumstances which render its application altogether impracticable. As an instance of this, the case of the East and West India Dock warehouses, may be referred to. In the company's Crutched Friars warehouses, wherein enormous quantities of tea are stored, the use of steam generated by coal is strictly prohibited, and the consequence has been that hitherto the whole of the work has been performed by manual labour—the warehouses, which consist of five floors, in addition to that upon which the chests are received from the vans, having been worked by the old system of staging, which necessitated, for lifting the chests from the ground to the top floor, the employment of no less than thirty-six hands.

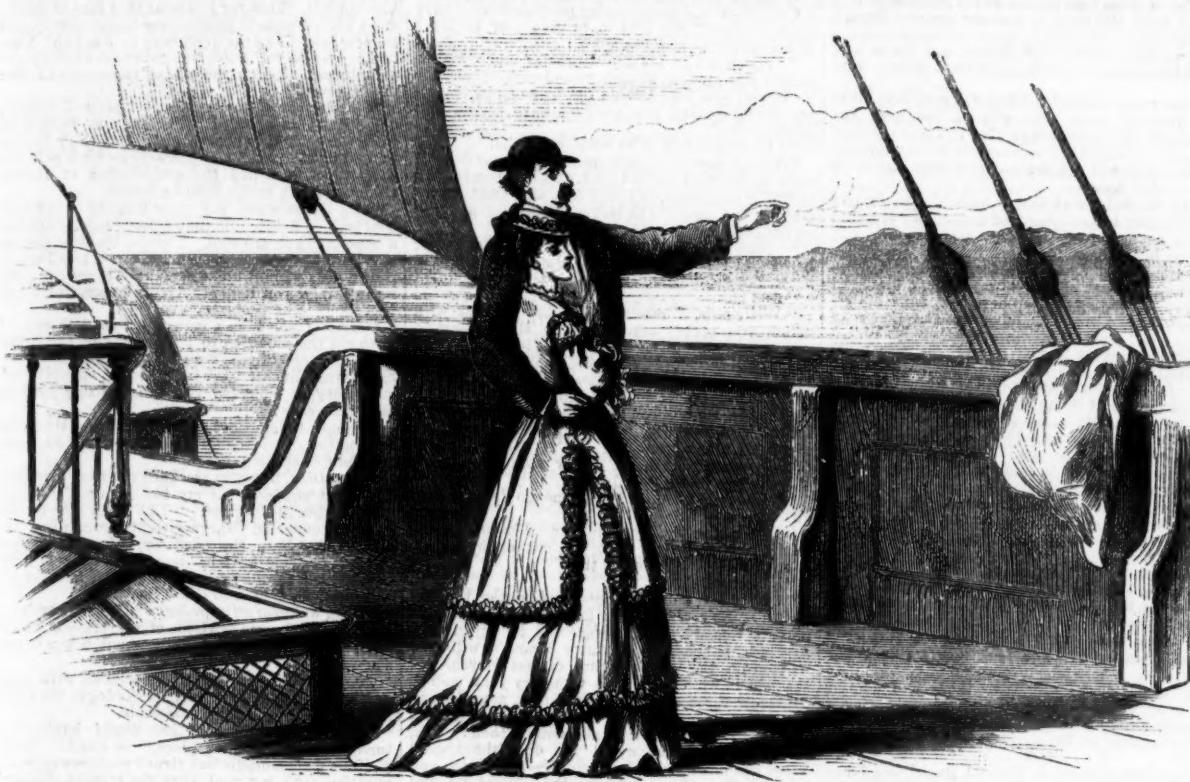
The company have now adopted Mr. Jackson's patent, and the result is that one man, who attends to both boiler and lift, performs the whole of the work. The boiler, which is of 2-horse power, and occupies a space only 3ft. square, is heated entirely by gas, the steam rising between 6 and 7lbs. per minute, and affording an abundance of power for the steam crane, which has a cylinder 6in. in diameter and 10in. stroke, working a cage 7ft. 1in. by 5ft. 6in., and capable of holding upwards of 20 full-sized chests of tea. The cage, however, is seldom loaded in this manner, it being found that greater expedition and economy of labour result from running the chests direct into the cage, on the ground floor without removing them from the trucks on which they are taken out of the vans. The cage and trucks are raised to the floor required, and forthwith wheeled to their allotted bed, so that the chance of damage is reduced to the minimum. Judging from the numerous testimonials which have been received in favour of this system satisfaction has in every case been given, although it has been applied to very various purposes, from the working of a crane to the driving of printing machines. In addition to the economy of the gas-generated steam, and the very limited space occupied by the boiler, the invention has the advantage of being extremely cleanly, and of involving no additional insurance premium; indeed, accident with the gas-boiler is scarcely possible, since the gas-burners whence the heat is derived are, of course, incapable of removal from beneath the boiler, whilst the boiler itself, being a vertical multitudinal, is entirely free from danger, and as they are manufactured by Mr. Middleton, of Loman-street, Southwark, no doubt need be entertained as to their quality. The system requires no stoker, brickwork, chimney, firebars, nor smoke-consuming apparatus, whilst with regard to efficiency, safety, and cleanliness it is without equal. The cost of gas for cranes of this size while at work is found to be about 6d. per hour. Wherever an ordinary gas supply exists the gas-boiler can be satisfactorily employed, and where the use of steam-power is required only occasionally gas-generated steam would be economical, whilst that generated in the ordinary manner would be altogether inapplicable.

LECTURE ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

COL. SIR HENRY JAMES, R.E., director-general of the Ordnance Society, recently delivered a lecture on this interesting subject. Sir Henry entered at some length into the details of measurement of the Great Pyramid, pointing out its perfect exactness, and said that many enthusiastic gentlemen imagined these beautiful proportions must have been the result of superhuman labour, following out this idea in a manner which excited the admiration of those who were their followers, and the ridicule of those who were not; among the latter of whom he included himself. In passing, the lecturer exhibited an exact representation of what he said was the most interesting piece of wood in her Majesty's dominions—the wooden cubit measure found in Egypt, and now deposited in the British Museum, and which was more than 3,200 years old.

Sir Henry went on to say that the side of the square base of the pyramid was equal in length to 700 English feet, and his experience was that people had a very imperfect idea—a difficulty of realising such dimensions. The stone used for the facing was of a better class than that which formed the inner portion of the building, and to give an idea of the recklessness of cost, so to speak, and the tremendous indifference to any amount of labour which characterised the old Egyptian kings, the lecturer said they, at enormous pains, had large stones brought from the opposite side of the Nile, and placed in their present positions. They were, too, very clever as architects; for instance, in the king's chamber inside the pyramid there were stones 30ft. long, placed one over another: these stones were not found in Lower Egypt at all; but although some were 90 tons in weight, they were brought in vessels 500 miles down the Nile, carried across great causeways, and then placed in the pyramid 100ft. above the level of the ground. Then again, as to the finish, this Syenite stone was one of the very hardest known, and yet it had been polished and built in to form a casing for the king's chamber with such an exact skill and so high a finish, that the finest piece of tissue paper could not be put between the joints, and this in a place built 4,000 years ago for no other purpose than to hold the body of one man.

If there was one thing which more than another he admired in the construction of these pyramids it was the extraordinary manner in which the builders introduced the principle of counter-balancing, by which, he believed, the stones were raised to their positions. By aid of a model, the handiwork of Corporal Goodwin, R.E., who worked it on the platform, Sir Henry explained his theory upon this point. In conclusion, he said that the assertion of something that the pyramids were built only as a standard of measure was an insult to the understanding.



[FAREWELL TO THE ISLE.]

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer life;
Supremely happy in the awak'nd power
Of giving joy.

Thompson.

The next morning St. Udo Brand lay impatiently waiting for his dear young nurse, and scowling at the woman who was putting his room to rights, when a visitor entered, and made his way up to the sick man.

A haggard-looking old gentleman, with pale, yellow cheeks, pendulous and flaccid—eyebrows which bristled like furze, and lack-lustre eyes.

"My service to you, sir," said he, with an old-fashioned bow; "I am Andrew Davenport, if you remember."

"I do remember Andrew Davenport, if you are he; you are so changed that I need scarcely beg pardon for not recollecting you sooner."

"Same to you, sir; 'gad, sir, fever is no joke, and you took it worse than me by a long chalk."

"How comes it that you have had fever? When did you come here?"

"About a month ago. Came here with a face as red as a lobster, and as broad as a farmer's. Look at it now. I don't begrudge it though, when I see you looking so much better than ever I thought to see you when first I looked at you in this bed. We have much to be thankful for, Colonel Brand."

"I fail to understand. What brought you here, and what have you to do with me?"

"A good deal, my young sir; I have to escort you home to your castle, for one thing."

"I am astonished that you should come all this way to waste words upon such a subject. I thought that by this time Miss Walsingham would be married, and that I could go my way rejoicing."

"Married to that impostor, that hoped to fill your shoes? Pho! what do you take us all for? Well, after all, I needn't take any share of the glory. It was Miss Margaret herself who found out the whole conspiracy, and set off like a brave young woman as she is, taking me for company, to find you, sir."

"Heavens! What did she want of me?"

"'Gad, sir, if you really don't know, all I can say is that she's the first woman I ever saw who could hold her tongue! It was to find you out and give you the property of Seven Oak Waste, the lands, houses, &c., attached, that she came while the plague was literally raging, to this confounded rat-trap, where if one gets in they can't get out."

"Is Margaret Walsingham here?"

"She is."

"Then it is she who has been troubling my poor darling with this wretched story."

"Yes, and I leave you to judge whether she makes a good sick nurse or no."

"Has she been my nurse?"

"To be sure! Nice place you've got here, sir! Everything as dainty as a lady's boudoir; and what a magnificent bunch of flowers! Think of that, in March!"

"Miss Walsingham—my Perdita! The girl who risked her life for me!"

"Even so. Precious short were her visits to my bedside for watching at yours, and between us she's had a wearing time of it, the dear kindly girl!"

"Good Heaven—is my own darling, that Miss Walsingham?"

"Even so, and I thank Heaven to hear that from you. You love her, so it's all right."

The lawyer here dropped his jocund air, pressed the hand which had nervously clutched his, and retired to the window for a while.

A silence fell upon the pair; the resoned man was turned face downwards to his pillow, with his hands clasped tightly.

Her bravery, her generosity, her devotion came up to gild her gentle worth, and he could well judge now how great had been that bravery, that generosity, that devotion.

Taking in by slow degrees the greatness of this woman's soul, whom falsely and bitterly had maligned; comprehending the grandeur of humility in one whose garments he in his high-minded pride felt unworthy to touch, the time had come when St. Udo Brand could pray, when he could plead that Heaven would bless him with Margaret Walsingham's love, and bestow on him her hand, as the richest gift on earth.

Presently Davenport resumed the conference by recounting all the particulars of the Castle Brand plot, and you may be sure he lost no opportunity of adding lustre to his admired Miss Margaret's laurels by unstinted praise, which brought tears, one by one, into the eyes of Colonel Brand.

"And here's the formal relinquishment of every rood of Seven-Oak Waste, drawn up and signed," said the lawyer, unfolding a parchment and spreading it out triumphantly on his knee; "and she has even made provision against your refusing to accept it. In that case, it is all to go, on the 25th of March, (one year from the date of the will), towards building a charitable institution for sick scum (I suppose from her father having been a sea-captain), and she is going as governess into Mr. Stanhope's family here. What do you think of all this, eh?"

chuckled the old gentleman, with the air of being vastly amused.

"She will do it," said St. Udo, gazing with consternation at the parchment.

"But will you allow her to do it?"

A keen pang struck to the heart of St. Udo; his merciless scorn of her came back to him as expressed only the day before; her mournful words: "She will never marry you" recurred like a death-knell to his memory.

Now he understood the cause of her gentle tears—her clinging wistfulness, of her sweet and humble timidity: he comprehended all, and covered his eyes with his hands, uttering a remorseful moan.

"I have ruined all, and lost her!" he thought. "Where is the noble girl?"

"Gad! I thought you'd soon be asking that! It's likely she's taking a rest, poor dear; but I'll send her to you."

"No—let her have her rest; I would never be so selfish as to disturb her, while I can wait. But, Davenport, I will be candid with you, and say that I have no hope of winning her. I have insulted her too deeply."

"Did she think of your former insults when she came here at the risk of her life to find you, and to nurse you out of the fever?"

"No, bless her—all that was forgiven!"

"And will she think of your former insults when you say, 'Margaret, I won't accept one penny piece of the Brand property, unless you be my wife'?"

"Her own words—that, in that contingency, Margaret Walsingham would never marry me—her own words."

"You believe in your Perdita's love?" cried the lawyer, throwing his last ball straight at the bull's eye.

"If noble tenderness, and devotion such as hers, is love, I do, most solemnly."

"Then she'll do as your Perdita, what she wouldn't do as your enemy, Margaret Walsingham. She'll even lower her pride to marry you, if she thinks it necessary to your happiness."

But Mr. Davenport was forced to modify his satisfaction, when, on seeking an audience with his ward, the servant who had that morning taken Margaret's place in the colonel's sick room, brought from her chamber a note from the young lady.

"She's been and gone," said the woman; "and this is for Mr. Davenport."

It said to the staring lawyer:

"DEAR MR. DAVENPORT—I have thought it best at once to proceed to the Stanhopes, as the situation might become filled, and all danger of infection has passed from me by this time."

" You will see that the colonel is taken excellent care of until the English steamer arrives, when I am sure he will be able to travel; and you will accompany him to Seven-Oak Waste, and be as useful to him and as faithful as you have been to me."

" I am going without bidding you good-bye. Perhaps you will be a little angry; but, dear Mr. Davenport, it was far better than if I had. I have been a great bother to you from first to last, haven't I? But you will forgive me, now that our ways lie so widely apart."

" Tell Colonel Brand that I wish him to forgive the deception I have practised upon him; but that I shall never regret the four weeks in which I watched him from the brink of the grave, and that if he can accept a message from Margaret Walsingham, it is that he may always think kindly of his Perdita, and try to keep her apart from his remembrance of a presumed adventuress."

" Your affectionate ward, M. W."

" Here's a pretty to-do!" cried Davenport, bursting in to the invalid's room with the little double sheet of note paper fluttering in his hand. " Of all queer dodges, this is the last. She's gone, sir, this morning to her situation at the Stanhope's, and here's the note that she's obliging enough to write by way of good-bye to you."

St. Udo took the note and scanned each pretty character, while his cheeks became bloodless as snow. It was blistered with tears, and it seemed to breathe in every line its quiet and patient sorrow, and to have become resigned to it, as if there was no remedy.

What the colonel's emotions were, to read this little note of his Perdita's, no one may know. He sat up in bed, and looked wildly round him, while the lawyer glared, and bit his nails.

" Let us drive instantly to Stanhope's."

" You? Humph! You look like a man going driving!"

" I tell you that I will drive there if I should faint every mile of the way."

He sprang from the bed, and signified his intention by fainting on the spot.

* * * * *

Three days afterwards, Colonel Brand was lying quite alone on the sofa—his first day up—reading, or rather telling himself that he was reading. Every sound startled him, causing him to relinquish his book and listen with questioning eyes; and sometimes a fancied voice in the street below would send a name of excitement shooting across his pallid face.

Three days since the lawyer had left him; three days of doubt, and hope, and despair.

Had she loved him? Was that calm good-bye to him from a heart indifferent? or did it hide beneath its cold exterior the smouldering passion which sometimes her eyes had seemed to express?

Dear Margaret! Generous girl!

And memory took her virtues one by one, and fondly turned them over, and the man lay breathing not while fancy told him what his life might be with such a wife as she.

And even while he mourned with fading hopes over the memory of her whom he had passionately loved as his Perdita, his chamber-door was briskly opened, and in walked Davenport.

" Good morning, sir! Glad to see you up! In honour of the day, eh?"

" Have you seen her?"

" Ha! first question. Nothing about how I enjoyed my trip, or stood it after my illness; only 'have you seen her?' No thanks to you for your polite enquiries after me—I have seen her."

" And—what have you to tell me?"

" Come, now—what do you expect? You, who have such a poor opinion of the fair sex, shouldn't look for much from 'em."

" I found her at Mr. Stanhope's, ill and sorrowful—"

" My poor child!"

" Quite prostrated, and unfit for her duties, Mrs. Stanhope full of concern, the children out on the beach with their nurse. You should have seen her when they sent her down from her room to me."

" I wish I had."

" Her eyes couldn't have been fuller of love and pleasure if it had been you instead of me; I never received such a loving glance in all my days. And her first words were twice as polite as yours, sir; they expressed her delight in seeing me, not inquiries about a third party: 'Oh, Mr. Davenport, I never thought of this kindness. Have you come to bid me good-bye?' Not a word, you see, about you, colonel; not a thought either, I'll be bound. Ten to one if she would have brought you in at all to the conversation, if I hadn't asked her, plump and plain, if she didn't mean to give the colonel his property after all."

" Why," says she, flashing a glance at me, to see if I meant it, and then turning her face away, " have I not intrusted you with it, to give over to him? What obstacle can there be?"

" You don't do his fine character much justice in this transaction, though you always wanted it up to Gay and me," I said; " if he had been a paltry money-hunter, you couldn't have served him much worse."

" He is satisfied, is he not?" cries she.

" Then I drew a horrible picture of your despair upon finding that she had gone, and how you fainted in trying to prepare to follow her, and trust me for making up a case. The last of it was her hanging on my shoulder and sobbing:

" Take me back to him, dear Mr. Davenport; how could I have been so cruel as to leave him in his weakness, uncared for! Take me back again."

" And so—"

" Well, now, I rather enjoy the interest with which you survey me. And so Mrs. Stanhope granted me an interview, in which I told her to look out for another governess, as Miss Walsingham had been sent for on very particular business, to go home to England, and Miss Margaret and I had a very nice little trip back. I have, you may be sure, spared no eloquence in keeping Miss Margaret's alarm up about you, and she is waiting below, doubtless with her heart in her mouth, to know whether you're dead or alive."

" What! Is she here? Let me go for my dear girl this—"

" Fair and softly, my young sir. I have a proposition to make before I let you out of my power. What day of the month is this?"

" Twenty-fifth."

" And what must be done before the twenty-eighth? Eh? Don't you know? Miss Margaret must be wooed and won before the twenty-eighth. And why? Because Madame Brand's will was written on the twenty-eighth of last March, and the year in which you were to marry your co-heir passes in three days, and after that, according to the will, you can't have one inch of Seven-Oak Waste. What does that necessitate, then? (Oh, young people, what would you do without me?) Why, you must marry her, colonel—by Heaven you must—before the twenty-eighth! What do you think of that for a little romance?"

" Too much of Heaven's brightness—too little of earth's shadows. You see I don't deserve that she should love me."

" Humph! no, I can't say that you do. But that's nobody's business if the lady's pleased. Now, having given your memory a jog about the flight of time, I'll send her up to you."

" Let me go to her."

" Stay where you are, sir; don't stir, I beg. I don't profess to know much about women's curious little idiosyncrasies, but I'll bet a dozen of claret that this humdrum chamber of yours, where she nursed you day after day for four weeks, is the dearest place to her of all the world; and I'll go farther, and say that so long as she lives the memory of this same room, sir, will have power to send the rush of fond tears up to her eyes, be she happy or miserable. You see she found you here, and got your life from Heaven, as it were, by dint of unwearied prayer, and it's hallowed to her like a little sanctuary. Women are strange creatures, sir, and I advise you, if you want to sway her heart to your wishes, to see her here."

Lying face downwards and alone, with his hands clasped in grateful thanksgiving, all the wicked recklessness and the unbelief and the cynical fatalism slipped for ever from St. Udo's soul.

So it came to pass that when Margaret Walsingham, standing at the doorway, too timid to approach—too womanly soft to go away, now that the man was dying for her—heard the low entreaty,

" Bless me with her love—enoble me with her love, oh Heaven!"

Her whole face became transfigured with joy, and she stood there a breathless and a lovely vision, listening to what she dared not believe before.

" Is that my darling, standing on the threshold? Come."

Folded heart to heart, her head upon its place for the first time, his arms about her in a band of love—her hour of recompense had come at last.

Folded heart to heart, his exquisite face a mirror of that bliss which his tongue is dumb to express. Faithful Margaret meets his bending lips, and with unutterable thrill shooting through her tremulous frame, whispers smiling:

" I have won my dear lord of Castle Brand."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturesome.

Shakespeare.

" Mon camarade, and do you call yourself a man trying into Madame Fortune's good graces? Why, she has starved you, the jade, else she has given

you the prison fare; she has been a vampire to you, mon colonel. What for you wear that face of parchment when I come to preside over the hand-grip, and to bless, and to be the good fairy? Ah, bah! Your future may be ver' good, but your past has been exasperably bad. I drop the tear of friendship to your mal-de-graine."

Monsieur the chevalier has just arrived, breezy, and jocund as a stage harlequin, and rushed in upon our colonel to congratulate him after having hunted up all particulars connected with him in the little town, and had the gratification of finding affairs so much better than he feared.

" Ah, Calembours, it's some time since we met. You look so flourishing that I need scarcely express a hope that you are well. Thanks for your sympathy. Don't waste it, though. I'll soon be all right, if I'm not done brown in Fortune's frying-pan. But what brings you here? A consignment of tough beef?"

" Ma foi! you take a man up sharp, mon ami. I have not the affliction to see the last of the Brand spirit gone out of you, for all the sugars and panades of this illness. Why not sooner suggest pleasure, duty, or what say you to friendship for you, mon camarade?"

" Pshaw, Calembours; you and I know that your friendship could be bought at a ransom for five shillings."

" Mon Dieu, but you are hard on your Ludovic. Did I not squander all my little gains for to get your rights in England? Did I not give up the grand demoiselle, Marguerite, to you, when she might have loved me? Ah, mon colonel, you have me to thank for all your good fortune, and yet you will not lift the eyes to thank me."

" Brag was ever an impudent dog; still, there's my hand, comrade, and in virtue of my present happiness, which you helped to bring about, take a hearty squeeze."

The chevalier seized it, and declared, with tears in his eyes, that he was the luckiest dog in the world in possessing such a fine camarade.

" You shall now hear my little plan in having ventured to this infectious place," he cried. " Your glorious mademoiselle had struck such frenzy of admiration into my soul that the instant Madame Hesslein released me from attending upon her—curse Madame Hesslein!—his visage grew pale with uncontrollable rage—"I determined to follow Mademoiselle Walsingham here, and to find if the plague had spared her and if she was left without protection (for I must tell you, mon ami, that I had no hope of seeing you alive again), to offer her my poor help and escort back to her home and friends in Surrey, and to be the friend in need to her until she turned me away."

" I come full of these glorious plans of benevolence which might well ennoble any man, and find—hey presto! the romance has turned the other way! My colonel still lives, being conjured back to life by undiluted fidelity; the lawyer with the knotty head has argued the plague out of conceit of him, and the glorious mademoiselle is a fiancée: so I bury my too fond plans for mademoiselle's welfare, and I crucify the flesh and say to myself: 'I will be the good fairy for these two people; I will be the mason to build the steps to their summit of bliss; I will be the porter to carry them thence.' So I fly to you—you behold me—I am here to act as manager; I glow with the eagerness of friendship."

" And in return, what do you expect?"

Calembours shrugged his shoulders and grinned. " Vive l'Anglais!" he cried, " they can make a good bull's-eye can the London bulls! You see this bourse? Bah! how wrinkled are its sides, how flattened under hard pressure of poverty! Mon Dieu, did not the jade Madame Hesslein take the bread out of my mouth in the amplitude of her revenge? Very well. You who offer me the hand of friendship in return for that little favour, and also for the other not little favour of sending your Marguerite to save your life, shall take her fingers in yours, kiss them, press them, and say: 'Have you forgotten the small souvenir which you promised to my friend, the chevalier? Ma mignonne, now is the time to remember it. And she will remember it—my word upon it she will, and will also urge upon you to let her souvenir me with a little more of her pin-money. And with the proceeds of your joint munificence I shall float again on the ascending tide of fortune, in my tight little bark, in spite of her who has ruined me.'

" Ah, your funds have run low, and you are here to replenish them?"

" By gar, that is so, mon ami!"

The two men eyed each other. St. Udo with raised eyebrows and slightly scornful amusement; the ex-tailor of Szegedin with an ingratiating impudence which showed that monsieur knew his man very well.

" I have told you often that you are a greedy dog," said the colonel, " but I have no wish to see you under the feet of your favourite goddess,

though I had much rather you had left your services to speak for themselves to our pockets. How much did Miss Walsingham agree to give you? Davenport, I think, mentioned something of this to me."

"Only one thousand of your pounds, *cher ami*; only one thousand; she was going to insist upon doubling it, but I implored her: 'Admirable lady, press no more upon me.' At that time I little dreamed the days were coming when necessity should compel me to accept it."

"You shall have fifteen hundred to give you a start; I think you will manage upon that, you are such a man of resource," said the colonel, admiringly, who had heard Davenport's grumbling account of this money arrangement with the chevalier, and remembered it very well.

Whereupon monsieur got up, flung his arms around St. Udo, gave him a French embrace, vowed that he was a lord, and then coolly announcing himself the *attaché* of the little party, he rushed off to hunt up his quondam antagonist Davenport, and discuss the management of affairs, with much impudent triumph over that worthy gentleman for his former suspicions of the honour of a French chevalier.

The bright sun rays poured brilliant as diamond lights into the porch of the old church.

The robed figure of a clergyman stood in the low-browed church doorway, and his hands gently chafed each other as he gazed down the white road after a quiet *cortege* which was gliding slowly towards the town.

Into the flickering shades of a branching palm-tree, out to the vivid moonbeams, bright as day, quietly moving farther and farther from the man who had bound them together for a peaceful or a turbulent life.

And the good pastor, softly chafing his hands, and thinking of the bride's soft, holy face, and of the bridegroom's beauty, which had reminded him of Antinous, grave, yet not severe, breathed a blessing upon these strangers, who this day will leave this scene for ever behind them.

"May their wedded life be as serene and bright as this brilliant sunshine that surrounds them. May the sky ever be clear for them—the sea of life ever be untroubled, as yonder crystal channel, to which they are hastening."

Then he also leaves the glistening temple behind him, and goes his way among the down-dropping shrubs and spicy blossoms to his home.

Standing on the deck of the steamer which was to convey him to his long-forsaken home, with his arm round the Venus-like figure of his wife, and his eyes upon the swiftly vanishing coast line, St. Udo Brand, who had spoken but little since repeating the vows which made this darling by his side his own, now found speech, and half-playfully apostrophised the dream-like scene before him thus:

"Farewell, oh, land, wherein I found my pearl and happiness. Blessed be your lazy inhabitants, and your fever-breeding climate. You have been to me a world of passion, of hope, and purity! Oh, my lost Good, who has been sent to me in mercy," his playful accents changed to the gravity of deep emotion, as he drew yet closer to his "Perdita." "I turn to you henceforth to be what you would wish me, and to study your secret how to live. I have been wandering on the burning sands, and pressing for ever onward to reach a glittering lake of the desert, which, ever rippling and vanishing, beckoned me farther from the cool calm shades of rest. Now I come, a wearied pilgrim, to your pure heart, my wife, for you have opened it to let a weary, dusty wanderer in. Your purity, my simple Margaret, reminds me of the immaculate heights of snow-capped Mont Blanc—serene, majestic, while I, lashed by the fires of many passions, come to cool my fevered blood by your chill radiance!"

"Hush, St. Udo! If you know how intensely happy I am with my destiny—"

She paused, for her glad eyes were filling fast, her fond tones faltering.

"Oh, my soft-souled Perdita! my simple darling!"

And then sweetly an overpowering flush of joy came to them, and they were dumb, for some one who has read the human heart says, "The most exquisite of all emotions is utter silence, with a being in whom we feel entire sympathy."

"Ah, *par ma foi!* but I am the good fairy, after all!" muttered the chevalier, hugging his handsome little self, and pacing about near them, with a protecting air, as if they were his especial protégés. "I feel like the guardian angel of their fortunes. St. Ludovic—*par la messe*, it sounds well!"

"Thank Heaven, Ethel Brand's incomprehensible will has explained itself at last!" mused Davenport, laying down his crumpled *Times*; "and it has proved itself to be the wisest will ever the Branks made. Married in spite of themselves, and as happy as love can make them, in spite of a plain

face on the one side, and a reputation that the dogs wouldn't pick up once on the other! He's a saved man, and she's a happy woman—dear, faithful Margaret. What glorious news for old Gay!"

When Mrs. St. Udo Brand came home to Seven-Oak Waste, she found a letter awaiting her, and in its many pages she found at last the true history of the man who had been the sleuth-hound of Castle Brand.

"Convict Ship Fearless, March 1, '68.

"MISS WALSHAM: As you are a remarkably clever woman, and I have always been an admirer of fair play, I will give you your due, and own that in our little game you had the best of it, and deserved to have."

"I don't bear you malice for this fate which you've pushed me into, although I have you only to blame for it, for perhaps I didn't go the right way to work with you."

"Yes, I've been a lover of fair play all my life."

"I'm sent back to banishment for life, and you are, I hear, a happy bride, coming home with St. Udo Brand; but if I know the practical good sense you possess, you won't toss this into the fire till you've read it all, and wasted a few good-hearted regrets on the wretch whose luck was so poor."

"Forty years ago, Colonel Cathcart Brand, only son of Ethel Brand, Dowager of Seven-Oak Waste, went to Malta, which was a military station then as now, and fell in with a splendid-looking Maltese girl called Zerline Barelli.

"Of course the man took her in, and ruined all her worldly prospects through her love of him. In five years he was ordered back to England again, and coolly proceeded to take leave of the girl who had been more to him than many a wife is to her husband, and had nursed him through more than one almost fatal attack of fever. In vain she pleaded that he should take her with him, and own her boy as his legal heir. The colonel swore he couldn't, and offered her any money if she would not follow him.

"She agreed to this, and when I was four years old they parted, never to meet again."

"I inherited all my mother's deep, patient ferocity, added to my father's outward appearance, and was called Brand Barelli at Valetta where I was sent to school; I not having the remotest idea of my parentage."

"When I was ten years of age I was sent to England, probably at the colonel's instigation, and I was put into a training academy to fit me for the army."

"At twenty-one I received my commission as lieutenant in the artillery, through the influence of Colonel Brand, who from time to time took a certain care of my fortunes."

"About this time, noticing a great resemblance between the colonel and myself, a suspicion seized me that I had found my father."

"I once hinted as much to him, and was furiously ordered to hold my tongue, and to beware how I insulted my benefactor."

"From that day I lost favour with him; he treated me when we met with such cold contempt that my blood boiled; and all the while he was raising a fiend of hatred in my heart against him. He continued to pay over to me an annuity, which kept my suspicions on the alert."

"At last I wrote to my mother, who sent me the whole story, asking me whether I had ever seen the colonel's son, St. Udo Brand, who was five years younger than I."

"Colonel Brand, upon returning to England, had married a lady of birth, whose one son had absorbed all the affection which was truly mine by priority of birth, and from the moment in which I heard of his existence, I hated him with furious hatred, and longed to visit my wrongs upon him."

"Three years after this I first saw St. Udo Brand, then just twenty. He was an ensign in the Guards, and mightily admired for his good humour and wit. He too was extremely like his father, which made me chary of his acquaintance, for fear he would make me out what I was, and taunt me with it before my companions, so we never knew each other in the slightest degree."

"But a devil of envy possessed me; for I knew that this man had no more business to be happy, rich, and respected than I had—not so much, for I was his elder brother; and I was neither happy nor rich nor respected, everybody giving me the name of a sullen dog, etc., which was scarcely fair play."

"So I watched my man till I saw an opening for spoiling his smiling fortunes, and then I cut in cleverly."

"I found out that St. Udo was madly in love with a young lady of fashion, and that some had it they were to be married whenever he attained his majority. I knew the girl myself, as luck would have it, and was rather fond of her, too; so rather than let him, of all others in the world, cut me out of anything more which was mine by rights, I set myself cunningly to win her affections."

"How often I've watched till the coast was clear of the dashing young ensign, and then got in for my visit to Genevieve Carlisle! So cleverly did I manage the thing, that not once did St. Udo contrive to meet me, although I was there every day as regularly as he himself was."

"At last I induced her to fly with me, and went to Paris, and they lost all trace of us, for I was always good at a dodge, and had been bred to it for many a year."

"She was discontented and moping, as might have been expected, after a few months; she had been used to luxury and fashion, and plenty of approving friends, and now she hadn't enough to eat or wear, nor a friend in the world; for of course when I was in hiding my father couldn't send me my annuity, and as for her family, they cut her dead when she eloped with a nameless adventurer, as they were pleased to call me."

"She also took into her head to repent of her bargain, and to take a dislike to me, and I consider that this wasn't exactly fair play, seeing that she had been ready enough to fall in love with me when I was fawning about her in London."

"Well, we got on miserably enough, until her continual reprobation sent me off to hunt up some money, and I had the misfortune to be caught in a forgery, which, had it succeeded, might have left me a prosperous man to-day."

"But the sharp agents of the law detected me, and had me convicted and booked for twelve years' penal servitude in Tasmania, and the news killed the woman; she never held her head up after she found out what company her treachery to St. Udo Brand had brought her to."

"I can't blame myself for anything in the affair. Was it my fault that I was born with a wrong to avenge? Was it my fault that my father gave me opportunity to hate him and his, by his unjust treatment of me? And was it my fault that St. Udo chose to fall in love with a girl that I had my eyes on, or that she should be false to him, and prefer me, after all her vows to him?"

"As for the forgery business, if either of us were to blame it was her, who sent me off in a fury to do anything I could for funds."

"Still, it was me that suffered, all throughout; strive as I might, my cursed ill-luck met me at every turn, and balked me."

"As we went out in the horrible convict-ship, we took on board an old sea-captain and his daughter, who were going part of the way with us."

"I used to see the little girl walking on the deck, and peering down into the hatch at us poor fellows, each chained like a dog to his log, and her great eyes used to brim over with tears whenever we looked up, and she would sit at the mouth of the hatch, crying for us, till we began to watch her."

"Do you remember all that, Margaret Walsingham?"

"You were the little girl, and I was that half-crazy convict who always tried to drive you away with curses, and to frighten you with threats. But back you would come next day, with your solemn eyes beaming with pity, and drop an apple or an orange, or even a little book down among us, and sit watching us for hours, like a spirit, as if our misery burdened you so that you could not rest without sharing it with us."

"Once when I took fever, and could not speak for thirst, you climbed down the ladder, and fearlessly approached me with a cup of pure cold water."

"How eagerly I drank it you may well remember, and also how ill I repaid it by a fierce oath the instant my tongue was loosened!"

"But you only flitted away with a sorrowful face, and great tears standing on your lashes, and I felt such a queer, wrenching pain about my heart whenever I thought of it afterwards, that I vowed I would repay you, if I ever had the chance, for that little act of kindness."

"When I had been ten years out, I, and a comrade of mine, O'Grady, got home on a ticket-of-leave."

"We were bound to have our freedom, and not many months passed after our return before we had it. Doubling, and dodging, and slipping through their fingers like eels, at last we slipped the chain, and came out, I as a gentlemanly gambler, he as a keeper of a gambling *café*, and we soon filled our pockets."

"Then I took a trip over the continent for the purpose of perfecting myself in my profession, and then, coming back to England, circumstances sent Calembours in my way, and we joined in partnership."

"Then came my good luck, as I thought, and drove me against St. Udo Brand once more, and I wondered night and day whether I couldn't get any of the fortune which he so confidently expected from his grandmother."

"The colonel, my father, was dead; so was his wife, and my brother was the only one living to whom I owed a grudge for my downfall, so I soon found out a way to make him pay up old scores."

"No sooner did Calembours suggest to me that I was like enough to St. Udo to pass for him, than I thought out the whole plot which it has been the business of Margaret Walsingham to explode.

"I compliment you on your cleverness, and only blame myself for giving way to the only weak sentiment I have ever felt in my life, namely, mercy towards you for the sake of your kindness to me twelve years ago. If it hadn't been for that mistaken feeling, I could have wiped you out in the beginning of the game, and not a soul been the wiser.

"But I didn't, and I heartily regret it now.

"With this sincere assertion I close, remaining yours humbly, BRAND BAERKILL."

Before we bid our friends good-bye, let us cast a farewell glance on each whose fortunes yet hang in the balance.

Do you wish your picture taken?

Step into this magnificent establishment.

You will presently be conducted by a deferential man in elegant livery up two flights of marble steps into a studio, where you will meet the great French artist, Ludovic, the Chevalier de Calembours.

His bright eyes beam pleasantly, his handsome face glows with welcome, his white, shapely hand waves you gracefully into a velvet chair.

You look at the little man in the black velvet Hungarian dolman, embellished with these glittering badges, which catch the eye so much; you mark the glossy beard and moustache, trimmed to the last degree of Parisian taste, and as retentive memory suggests to you the once wretched little tailor, toiling over his small clothes on the banks of the Theiss, you feel that you are in the presence of a great man.

And when he has, with that charming smile of *charme* and indifference, shown you his cases of photographs, and his paintings coloured and executed by ten of the first living artists in the world—all of whom are in his employ,—you follow him into the crystal dome and are photographed at eight guineas a dozen, with much the feeling you might experience, were you one of those honoured old women who have their feet washed once a year by the Empress of the French.

"The world likes to be gulled, then let us gull it!"

In due time, Madame Hesslein, of happy memory, married Vice-Admiral Oldright, who, as she had shrewdly calculated upon, soon got the post of admiral, and she was able to take precedence of all the haughty ladies of her set, let them be ever so bitterly proud—she, the blacksmith's daughter, and a little tailor's wife!

I do not know whether she has yet quite forgotten that dying boy in the wretched shed, or those simple, happy days by the river Theiss, but I hear that it is still her favourite motto:

"Have no heart, and a good digestion!" *

Knowing the simple soul of my heroine; having a vague conception of the possible grandeur of my hero, feebly, but earnestly portrayed, need I assure you that happiness shed its golden light upon their future path, and that hand clasped in hand, they passed through each small grief or joy, fanning in each other that bright and Heaven-born spark which leads us at last to Heaven?

Thus, gentle associates of their tortuous wanderings, I release you from your patient companionship. I think we part, fair friends—gratefully I press your hands, and say, *au revoir!*

THE END.

LEIGHTON HALL.

CHAPTER XV.

Aye, at heart!

All girls must have such tender sides to the heart. They break for one night's watching, ache to death For an hour's pity, for a half-hour's love— Wear out before the watches, die by dawn, And ride at noon to burial. God's my pity!

Chastelard.

MAUDE SOMERTON was coming; so said a letter received by Uncle Philip, two weeks or more after the ride to Millville. It was vacation with her now; and as she wished to see one of her former pupils, who was ill, and lived in the neighbourhood. "She was," her letter stated, "about to kill two birds with one stone, visit poor little Aggie, who cannot live, they say, and stop for a few days at the farmhouse, the pleasantest home I ever had. So, dear Mr. Overton, tell Becky to get the fattest chicken in readiness. She knows my taste. Aunt Burton has sent for me, so dear Mr. Overton, *au revoir* till next Thursday night. I can scarcely wait for thinking of that north room with the wood fire on the hearth, and Becky waiting upon me as if I were a queen instead of a poor schoolmistress.

"Yours, for ever, "MAUDE."

This was Maude's letter, read by Uncle Philip with an immense amount of satisfaction. Not read once, but three times to himself, and then three times to Becky, until she almost knew it by heart. The expected event which caused so much joy in Becky and Uncle Philip, only filled Edna with a nameless terror, and a desire to go away, at least, while Maude was there. She had no wish at present to be recognized by any friend of the Leightons. The Miss Overton rôle suited her now that she had been accustomed to it, and began to see that it was for the best. Some time she meant to see Roy Leighton and his mother, and if she could do so without their knowing who she was, it would add greatly to the interest and excitement of the meeting. If Maude should discover who she was, her pretty project would be spoiled, and hence the cause of her dread to meet Miss Somerton. But the more she reflected upon it, the more she saw how improbable it was that Maude should suspect her of being other than Miss Overton, and the terror gradually gave way, until at last she was almost as anxious as Becky herself, for the arrival of their guest, who came a train earlier than she was expected, and took them by surprise.

Edna found her coiled up in the large easy chair in the north chamber when she came from school at night. She had walked home that day, and seeing no one as she entered the house, went directly to her chamber, where Maude was sitting in her blue flannel dressing-gown, with her bright, beautiful hair rippling over her shoulders, and the brush lying forgotten on the floor, while she was given up wholly to Tennyson, one of her pet authors. As Edna entered unannounced, she started to her feet, and throwing back her luxuriant tresses, exclaimed with a merry, winning laugh:

"Oh, you must be Miss Overton, I know—my rival in Beckey's heart, and Mr. Overton's too; but you see I am not to be vanquished, and have come back into my old quarters, trusting to your generosity to divide with me. Let me help you, please. You look tired."

And she walked straight up to Edna, who was vainly trying to undo her waterproof. At sight of Maude, who had known Charlie so well, and who knew Roy and everything pertaining to him, there had swept over Edna a faint, dizzy feeling, which made her for a moment very pale and weak; then the hot blood came surging back to her cheeks, which were bright as carnations by the time the troublesome knot had been untied by Maude's skilful fingers.

"What a little dot of a girl you are," Maude said, when at last Edna was disrobed and stood before the fire.

"And you are so much taller than I had supposed," Edna replied, looking up into the sunny blue eyes which were regarding her so intently.

"Yes; I must seem a perfect Amazon to one as *petite* as yourself. I used to want to stop growing, and once, a few years ago, actually thought of tying a stone to my head, as Charlie Churchill teasingly suggested."

There was a great heart-throb at the mention of that name, and then Edna said, as indifferently as she could:

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes; that is, he was a friend. He is dead now; died dreadfully, too, the very day he was married. Now I must dress for dinner. Becky tells me that on Miss Louise's account, they have dinner after your school hours, by which I see that your position with Uncle Philip is in all respects *comme il faut*, but you must have commenced on the lower round. Did you try the little back chamber?" and Maude's eyes brimmed with mischief as she asked the question.

"Yes, I tried it, and nearly froze for half-an-hour or so. Were you put in there, too?"

"Yes; and nearly melted. Of course, then, you were promoted to the north-west room next."

Edna, who knew nothing of the gradation by which she had reached her present comfortable apartment, pleaded "not guilty" to the north-west room, whereat Maude professed to feeling terribly grieved at the partiality shown.

"It must be because you are a little dot," she said; "and because—" she hesitated a moment, and then added, softly, "because of your deep mourning and trouble. That always opens one's heart. Mr. Overton told me all about you."

Maude's face was turned away from Edna, and so she did not see the violent start, as Edna asked:

"What did he tell you about me?"

"Oh, nothing improper. He said you had lost your father and mother, and that made me feel for you at once, for I am an orphan, too; he said too that since their death you had had a hard time generally, and had come to him for a home, and was obliged to keep a school, every item of which will ap-

ply to me, except the depending upon Mr. Overton for a home. I am poor, which in society, don't pass for much; and if Uncle Burton should close his doors upon me, I should have nowhere to lay my head, and so you see we ought to be friends."

She looked up suddenly at Edna, who was curiously studying this girl, who mixed things so indiscriminately.

"I curl my hair, and that is all. I don't know a thing about fashion," she said, while Maude, who had succeeded in winding her satin braids, coil after coil, about her head, until the last one came almost to her forehead, said, "Your curls are lovely. I would not meddle with them. Fashion is an exacting dame, but Aunt Burton and Georgie make such a fuss if I do not try to be decent."

"Is Georgie your brother?" Edna asked, feeling guilty at the deception she was practising.

"Brother? no! Georgie is a girl, but Aunt Burton's adopted daughter and niece, while I am Uncle Burton's relation, which makes a vast difference. Georgie is a belle and a beauty, and an heiress, while I, as I told you, am poor, and a nobody."

Edna had made no attempt at arranging her own toilette, but completely fascinated with her visitor, stood leaning on the bureau, watching the young girl who rattled on so fast, and who, while pleading poverty, arrayed herself in a soft, flowing dress of shining blue silk, which harmonized so admirably with her fair creamy complexion.

"One of Georgie's cast-offs," she explained to Edna. "Most of my wardrobe comes to me in that way. I am fortunate in one respect; fortunate in everything, perhaps, for everybody is kind to me. Look, please, at my last beautiful present, the very thing of all others which I covet but never expected to have."

She took from the little box on the bureau a gold watch and chain, and passed it to Edna, who held it in her hand and with a face as pale as ashes, turned to the window as if to see it better, while only the most superhuman effort at control on her part kept her from crying outright, for there lying in her hand, with the old familiar ticking sounding in her ear, was her watch, the one Charlie had given to her, and which she had left behind her. There could be no mistake. It was the very same, and through it she seemed to grasp the dead hand of her husband, just as she had grasped it that awful night when he lay beneath the wreck, with the rain on his lifeless face. Edna thought she was going to faint, and was glad of Maude's absorption in a box of collars and bows as that gave her a little time in which to recover herself. When she felt that she could speak, she laid the watch back upon the bureau, carefully, tenderly, and said:

"It is a charming gift. Your aunt's, I suppose?"

She knew she ran the risk of seeming inquisitive by the last remark, but she wanted so much to know how that watch of all others came into Maude Somerton's possession.

"No, you don't catch her making me so costly a present as that. She selected it, but Roy Leighton paid for it."

"Roy Leighton!" and surprised out of herself, Edna's voice was so strongly indicative of excitement, that Maude stopped short and glanced quickly at Edna, saying, "What makes you say 'Roy Leighton' in that tragic kind of way? Do you know him?"

The wintry light had nearly faded from the north room by this time, and under cover of the gathering darkness, Edna forced down the emotion which had made every nerve quiver, and managed to answer indifferently:

"I have heard Uncle Philip speak of him. He owns the hotel here in town, I believe. He must be a very dear friend to make you so costly a present."

Edna could not define the nature of the pang which had shot through her heart when she heard that to Roy Leighton Maude owed the watch she had once called hers, and surrendered with so many tears. It certainly was not jealousy, for why should she be jealous of one who had never evinced any interest in her save such as was expressed in the ornaments of jet, and the words, "My dear little sister." Edna did not know how closely those four words had brought Roy Leighton to her until she saw his costly gift to another.

"That's just what I told Aunt Burton that people would say," Maude replied; "and I expect Georgie will be highly scandalized, for she it is who expects to be Mrs. Roy Leighton, of Leighton Place, some day, and not poor, humble I. When Charlie was killed—he was Mr. Leighton's half-brother—I was with poor Mrs. Churchill a few days; and was there when they brought the body home. Roy had a broken leg and could not sit up, and man-like, greatly overrated my services, and resolved to make me a present. He had heard me say once or twice that I wanted a watch which was a watch, instead

of the great big masculine thing of Uncle Burton's, and so he resolved to give me one, and asked Aunt Burton who was going up to town to choose one. I suppose I should be deceiving you if I did not tell you, as Aunt Burton told me, that the watch was second-hand, that is, the jeweller sold it a little less because he said it was one he bought of a lady who had seen better days. Auntie had admired it very much before he told her that, and she took it just the same. I was perfectly delighted of course, though I have built all sorts of castles with regard to its first owner, who she was and how she looked, and I've even found myself pitying her for the misfortune which compelled her to part with the watch."

"Did the jeweller know anything of her?" Edna asked; and Maude replied:

"I don't know. Aunt Burton did not ask him; to her it was the most natural thing in the world for a lady to be obliged to part with her jewellery; that is, such things are constantly happening in London, you know."

Maude's toilette was finished by this time, and as Uncle Philip's voice was heard in the south room below, she asked if they should not go down.

"Yes, you go, please. Don't wait for me, I have my hair to brush yet," Edna said, feeling that she must be alone for a few moments, and give vent to the emotion she had so long been trying to repress.

She opened the door for Maude to pass out, and stood listening till she heard her talking to Uncle Philip; then with a sob she crouched upon the hearth and wept bitterly.

Maude's presence had brought back all the dreadful past, and even seemed for a time to have resuscitated her girlish love for Charlie, while in her heart there was a fierce hungering for Charlie's friends, for recognition by them, or at least recognition by Roy, whom Maude esteemed so highly, and who had called her his "dear little sister." It was the memory of these words which quieted Edna at last. He had had her in his mind; perhaps he would think of her again and some time she might see him and know just how good he was. She was young yet, she could wait, and as Becky called to say supper was waiting, she hastily bathed her face, and giving a few brushes to her hair, went down to the room where Maude, full of life and spirits, was chatting gaily with Uncle Philip, and showing him the watch which Roy Leighton had given her.

As Edna came in, Uncle Philip glanced anxiously at her, detecting at once the traces of agitation upon her face, and as Maude suddenly remembered leaving her pocket-handkerchief upstairs, and darted away after it before sitting down to the table, he improved her absence by saying, softly:

"What is it, little Lu? Has Maude brought the past all back again? Yes, yes, I was afraid she would."

"Not that exactly," Edna said, with a quivering lip and smothered sob; "but, Uncle Philip, that was my watch, once—Charlie gave it to me, and—and I sold it, you remember. I knew it in a moment."

"Yes, yes. Lord bless my soul! things does work curious. Your watch, and Roy Leighton bought it for Maude!" Yes, yes. There couldn't a likelier person have it, but that don't help its hurting. Poor little Lu! don't fret; I'll buy you one, handsomer than that, when I sell my wool. I will. Yes, yes."

Maude came tripping in, all anxiety to know what was the matter with "Little Dot—that's what I call her, she is so very small," she said, to Uncle Philip, as she took her seat at the table, talking all the time—now of her school, now of Aunt Burton, and Georgie, and now of Charlie Churchill's tragical death, and the effect it had on his mother.

When she reached this point Uncle Philip tried to stop her, but Maude was not to be repressed. Uncle Philip knew Charlie, and of course he must be interested to hear the particulars of his death. And so she told them, as she had heard them from Georgie, and said how she pitied the poor girl, for whom nobody seemed to care—unless it was Roy, who could then do nothing for any one. And Edna heard it all, with an agony in her heart which threatened to betray itself every moment, until "the poor young wife, for whom nobody seemed to care but Roy," was reached. Then there came a revulsion; the terrible throbbing ceased; her pulse became more even, and though she was a shade paler than usual, she seemed perfectly natural, and her voice was firm and steady as she asked:

"Did the wife come to Leighton at all?"

"That is curious," Uncle Philip muttered to himself, as, having finished his dinner, he walked hastily to the window, while Maude, without heeding him, replied:

"No, she never came—and I was so sorry. I had her room ready for her, too—Charlie's old room, because I thought she would like it best. You see, Mrs. Churchill was ill, and I had it all my own

way, except that I consulted Roy, who evinced a good deal of interest, and I think was really disappointed that Edna did not come."

"Her name was Edna, then?" came very quietly from Edna's lips, and again Uncle Philip started as if a bombshell had exploded.

He did not understand how his niece could be so composed, and ask those questions concerning herself. And Edna could not understand it either. She only knew the fact; and after Uncle Philip, who remembered an errand he had to one of the neighbours, had gone, and she was alone with Maude, she asked her numberless questions about the inmates of Leighton Hall, and learned nearly all Maude had to tell of them.

"And they don't know where Charlie's wife is?" Edna asked; but this was after Uncle Philip had returned, and drank his cider, and said good night to the two girls who were now up in the north chamber before the blazing fire. Maude in a chair, and Edna on a little stool at her feet, with her elbow resting on Maude's knee and her head supported by her hand.

Their acquaintance had progressed rapidly, and girl-like they sat down before the fire for good long talk before going to bed. Maude had passed her fingers through Edna's flowing curls and made some remark about Georgie's hair, and that brought Edna to asking for Charlie's wife. There was to her a wonderful fascination in hearing herself talked about so freely, and she was anxious to renew the conversation.

"No, they don't know where she is, only that she is somewhere working to pay the debt she fancies she owes to Roy."

"I almost wonder Roy told anybody about that; it seems to me he should have kept it to himself," Edna said, feeling a little hurt that her affairs should be so generally known to strangers.

"Roy was not to blame," Maude said. "He didn't tell of it. Mrs. Churchill did that—first to Auntie, and then to Georgie. She tells them everything, and against Roy's wishes, too, I am sure, for he is not a gossip. Roy Leighton is honourable every way—the best man I ever knew."

Edna looked up at her with a peculiar smile, which Maude readily understood, and, shaking her head, she said:

"No; I am not in love with him. I would as soon think of aspiring to the moon; but I admire him greatly, and so does every one. He is very different from Charlie, with whom I used to flirt a little."

Edna did not care to hear Charlie's shortcomings discussed. She would rather speak of Roy, and so she asked:

"Do you think he cares anything about his sister-in-law; feels any interest in her, I mean?"

"Of course he does. He wrote her a letter, but she had left before it reached, and once in speaking of her to Georgie, he called her 'a brave little woman,' and if you believe me, I think Georgie didn't quite like it."

There were little throbs of joy quivering all along through Edna's veins, and softly to herself she repeated: "Brave little woman," trying to imagine how Roy looked when he said that of her, and how his voice sounded. She did not care for Georgie Burton's liking or disliking what Roy said. She did not care even if Georgie became his wife, as Maude said she probably would. If only he gave her a place in his heart as his sister, and esteemed her "a brave little woman," she was more than content, and in Edna's eyes there was a soft brightness, not borrowed from the firelight, as, long after Maude was in bed, she sat upon the hearth combing out her curls and thinking of Roy Leighton, who had called her "a brave little woman," and owned her for his sister.

Maude's visit did Edna a world of good, for it brought her glimpses of a life widely different from any she had known, and stirred her up to higher aims, by inspiring her with a desire to make herself something of which Roy should not be ashamed, if ever she chanced to meet him. And she should meet him some time, she was sure of that, and Maude would be the medium, perhaps; Maude, to whom, if necessary, she would tell everything, knowing she could trust her as her own sister. They grew to like each other very much during the few days Maude stayed at the farm-house, and under Maude's influence Edna roused herself from a certain morbid listlessness into which she had fallen, with regard to herself and her personal appearance, thinking it did not matter how she looked, or what she wore, as black was black any way. But Maude did not think so, and she coaxed Edna into white collars and cuffs, and spying the jet which Edna had never worn, made her put it on, and was delighted to see how it brightened her up and relieved the sombreness of her attire. Uncle Philip praised the

effect, and said he liked bright, pretty things on bright, pretty girls, and wished Edna would wear ribbons and jet always.

He liked Maude wonderfully well: and when she said good-by to them all, and went back to her school, he, after several powerful squeezes, wiped his eyes suspiciously, and wondered to himself "why on earth he missed her so, when he didn't care for the neatest woman in the land."

CHAPTER XVI.

I think you love well with one half your heart,
And let fear keep the oath.
Scriabine.

UNCLE PHILIP was terribly out of sorts the day after Maude's departure, and was generally disagreeable, till Edna came from school, and he found her waiting for him in the south room, with the ribbon in her hair, just as he had said he liked to see it, and the jet brightening her up, and making her a very pretty picture to contemplate as she came forward to meet him.

"Bless my soul!" he said.

And he caught the little hands which were smoothing his hair, and held them in his own, and talked of his dead sister, whom Edna was so like, and of the old days at home when he was young; and then somehow the conversation drifted to Aunt Letitia and Roy Leighton, and the payments Edna hoped to make them both when her first quarter's money was received.

"And you don't mean to keep a pound for yourself, Dot?" Uncle Philip asked, adopting the name Maude had given to his niece, and which suited her so well.

"No, not a pound till my debts are paid. I've clothes enough to last until that time, if I am careful. At all events I shall buy nothing unnecessary, I assure you," Edna said.

And then Uncle Philip fell into a fit of musing, and thought how for every pound Dot paid to Letitia Pepper and Roy, he would put a corresponding pound in the savings' bank to the credit of Louise Overton.

In like manner, too, thought Aunt Letty, when some time early in April she received a letter from Edna containing a draft.

"All honestly earned," Edna wrote; "and affording me more pleasure to pay it than you can well imagine. I have more, all my own, which I enclose in an envelope, and want you to send to Mr. Leighton; but don't tell him where I am for the world."

Aunt Letty was not in the best of spirits when she received the letter.

The sight of the money mollified her a little, and for a long time she sat thinking, with her pasteboard sun-bonnet on her head and Tabby in her lap. At last her thoughts found vent in words, and she anathematized Roy Leighton, and called him "a stingy fellow if he touched a pound of that child's hard earnings. Don't catch me doing it, though I dare say he thinks I will!" and Aunt Letty gave a contemptuous snuff at the mysterious he, whoever he might be.

The next day she went and got a new bank-book, with "Edna Browning's" name in it, and put to her credit not only the money sent by Edna, but also some more. That night she wrote to Edna, telling her "she had done better than she ever supposed she would, and that if she kept on she might in time make a woman, perhaps."

Not a word, however, did she say with regard to her disposal of the funds; that was a surprise for the future; but after finishing her letter to her niece she caught up a half-sheet of paper, in a fierce kind of way, and wrote hurriedly:

"PHILIP OVERTON,—I dare say you think me mean, and that I kept that money Edna sent for my own, but I assure you, sir, I didn't. I put every pound in the bank for her, and added another hundred besides.—Yours to command,

LETITIA PEPPER."

Edna never saw this letter, but Uncle Philip read it several times with infinite satisfaction and chuckled over it amazingly, and said to himself:

"There's now and then a good point about the old lady."

Uncle Philip answered Aunt Letty's letter at once, and said:

"MRS. LETITIA PEPPER.—Well done, good and faithful servant. Many daughters have done well, but thou exceedest them all."

PHILIP OVERTON."

The leading men of the church called upon Uncle Philip the next morning, to know if it was true that he had abjured their faith, and was going to build a church and pay the minister himself. They had heard all this, and a great deal more; and unwilling to lose so profitable and prominent a member from their own numbers, they came to expostulate and reason with him, and if necessary, use harsher and severer language—which they did, before they were

finished with him. For Uncle Philip owned to the impossible arrangement, and said he thought it desirable for a man of his years to be thinking about leaving behind him some monument by which he should be remembered; otherwise, who would think of Philip Overton three months after he was dead?

Then Squire Gardner suggested that their own church needed repairing, and that a new and handsome organ would be quite as fitting a monument, and do quite as much towards wafting one to Heaven as the building of a church, and introducing into their midst an entire new element, which would make fools of all the young people, and set the girls to working altar-clothes. For his part, he would advise Mr. Overton to think twice before committing himself to such folly.

Uncle Philip replied that "he didn't want any advance—he knew his own business; and as to repairing the church, he wouldn't say but what he would give as much towards that as anybody else, but he'd buy an organ for them to fight over, as to who should or shouldn't play it, and how much they should have a year. A choir was a confounded nuisance, anyway—always in hot water, and he didn't mean to have any in his church. No, he'd have boys."

"Ha—a Ritualist, hey?" and one of the members asked, with a sneer, how long since he had become a convert to that faith, and when he met with a change.

Uncle Philip told him it was "none of his business when he met with a change;" and, after a few more earnest words, said, "he would build as many churches as he pleased."

This was all the satisfaction they got from the sturdy old man; and when one of them asked "how soon he intended to be confirmed?" vowed "he would be so the very first chance he got, so as to spite 'em."

Hardly a fit candidate for confirmation was Uncle Philip, but the lion was roused in him, and the church was now so sure a thing, that before the first of June, the site was all marked out, and men engaged to do the mason-work. Edna's school was still a success, and Edna herself was very happy in her work and her home. She heard from Maude frequently, and the letters were prized according to the amount of gossip they contained concerning Leighton Hall and its inmates. Roy had written a few lines to Edna acknowledging the receipt of the fifty pounds, and asking her, as a favour, not to think of paying him any more.

"I'd so much rather you would not," he wrote. "I do not need the money, and it pains me to think of my little sister working so hard, and wearing out her young life, which should be happy and free from care. Don't do it, Edna, please; and I so much wish you would let me know just where you are, so that I might come and see you, and sometime, perhaps, bring you to Leighton, where your home ought to be. Write to me, won't you, and tell me more of yourself, and believe me always,

"Your brother, Roy."

It was a very blithe, merry little girl who went singing about the farm-house after the receipt of this letter, which came through the medium of Aunt Letitia; and Uncle Philip stopped more than once to look after her, wondering at the sparkling beauty of her face and the airiness of her movements, so different from what she had been when she first came. Then she was a sad, sober, pale-faced woman, with a weary, pitiful expression in the brown eyes, which now sparkled and danced, and changed their colour with every passing emotion, while her face glowed again with health and girlish beauty. All the circumstances of her life lately had been tending to this result, but it was Roy's letter which produced the calming effect, and took Edna back to her old self, the gay, light-hearted girl, who had known no greater care than Aunt Letty's harsh manner. From this she was free now, and life began to look as bright and beautiful to her, as did the hillsides and the mountain-tops when decked in their fresh spring robes.

She knew Roy's letter by heart, for she read it every day, and it would almost seem that the one great object in her life, to which she was looking forward, was the time when she should meet face to face with Roy, and hear the sound of his voice, and look up into his eyes, which Maude Somerton had described as so gentle and kind in their expression. She answered his letter, told him how glad she was to know that he had an interest in her, that it made her work so much easier, and life so much more durable, but she must pay him every shilling before she could feel perfectly free again.

"I have a pleasant home and kind friends," she wrote; "and you need not think of me as overworked or unhappy, for such is not the case. I am giving lessons in music and drawing both, and perhaps sometime will send you a little sketch, just to show you my style. Shall I?"

She signed herself, "Your sister, Edna Churchill," and for a time that closed the correspondence between herself and Roy, with the exception of a few lines from the latter, who said that he was about to travel with his mother, whose health required a change. They might be gone a year or more, and they might return at any time. It all depended on his mother, and how the change agreed with her.

Edna cried over this latter, although she knew Roy was safe, even though so far away. There was a kind of jubilee within her heart, and she offered prayer of thanksgiving to Him who rules the winds and waves, that He would suffer no harm to befall her brother, Roy Leighton.

(To be continued.)

only too well he knew the unerring steadiness of that strong arm.

Regarding him for a moment with that serious-comical expression so exclusively his own, the victor observed, with mock deference:

"Adieu, my friend, we are really very sorry, but we must leave you in the 'moonlight alone.'"

And with those characteristic words he jumped upon the box, grasped the reins with his left hand, and struck the spirited horses a blow with the whip, which caused them to leap high in the air, and then dash onward at a terrific rate of speed.

"Oh, dear sir!" exclaimed Miss Angelina, "from the bottom of my heart I thank you, but—but please don't drive so fast."

"Do not fear, 'tis necessary for a short distance."

And again he applied the whip. With blood-red nostrils, fury-flashing eyes, foaming mouth, and bristling mane, the mad horses rushed on with fearful velocity. The stranger was composed, and smiled quietly until the horses were actually wild, then he drew the reins slowly up until the muscles of his arms swelled, and the angry steeds feeling the power of a master's will and hand relaxed from their gallop, and came down to an easy trot.

In this action he exhibited a prominent trait of his character. It was real enjoyment to him to raise the anger of man or beast until it seemed uncontrollable, and then gradually and gently subdue it, until his conquering will and strength were the supreme power.

Miss Angelina, who could not endure the thought of the direct and demonstrative refutation which her pet theory had received, and who would not believe that such valour was ever given to man, now sought to again place her opinions in the ascendant by condemning him as a maniac, with which sophistical idea Miss Seraphina, of course, coincided.

For a few moments they rode on in silence.

Having recovered from the effect of her excitement, Alice bent over, and gazing into the stranger's face, with her blue eyes full of tender thankfulness, gratefully said:

"You have saved me from a dreadful fate, and I thank you, very—very much; indeed, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel—"

"Say no more!" interposed the stranger, with that quick, brilliant smile, "it is wholly unnecessary."

Had the words been uttered without that pleasant smile, her sensitive nature would have been wounded by their brevity and apparent insincerity, but the kindness which the smile gave to his face, convinced her that his words, though sententious, were earnest. In moments she continued:

"You have rendered me a great service, and I would like to know your name, that I may remember it with gratitude."

"Christopher Dikely," he briefly responded.

"And please to let me say," interposed Miss Angelina, in a tone which indicated a reluctance to say it, which almost amounted to spite because she was obliged to, "that you are the bravest man I ever saw."

"Did you ever see many?"

The question, so singular and unexpected, puzzled Miss Angelina, and she glanced significantly at Miss Seraphina. The latter drew down the corners of her mouth, and slowly shook her head, which pantomimic action was intended as a confirmation of the gentleman's lunacy.

"Are you deaf, Miss Wilton?" queried Mr. Dikely.

Miss Angelina glanced from one to the other in amazement, and then exclaimed:

"You surprise me, my dear sir! How do you know my name?"

"You are Miss Angelina," continued Mr. Dikely, aware of the delusion she was labouring under, and from motives of playfulness desiring to strengthen it.

"You are a strange man, sir," retorted Miss Angelina, somewhat irritated.

"You are not an uncommon woman," observed Dikely.

The heiress laughed; the tone in which the words were uttered was significant, and served to chase away her sad thoughts.

Miss Angelina knew not whether to be pleased, angry, or compassionate; at length, however, she decided upon the latter course, and dropping her eyes, and elongating her face, she moaned:

"You have my heart-felt sympathy, sir."

"Indeed! Thank you, you have mine."

"For what, sir?" demanded Miss Angelina, a little vexed.

"For your lonely condition and unpublished rhyme."

And Dikely turned towards her and smiled.

That was enough. Miss Angelina's temper needed no more powerful incentive. Stamping her foot and tossing her head, she hastily demanded:

"What do you mean by such language, sir?"

"Of course I haven't offended," smiled Dikely, "for you pride yourself upon those things; however if you are vexed, why then I only referred to it in a friendly way."

Miss Angelina folded her hands and gazed upon him doubtfully. At last she slowly said:

"You are a singular combination. One moment I like you, and the next I hate you."

"Mix these ingredients, and compound about one quarter of an ounce of hate with fifty pounds of love, and add about twenty-five pounds of common sense, and you will have a medicine that—having been sufficiently shaken by time—is very good."

"Stuff!" ejaculated Miss Angelina, contumuously.

"Yes, I know that some call it so," he meditatively replied; "but those are generally the ones who take it in the largest doses, provided—"

"Well?" interrupted the lady.

"Provided they can get it!" and, with a light laugh, Dikely turned his head away.

The heiress could not check her mirth, and peal after peal of silvery laughter floated upon the air, much to the discomfiture of the lady, and to the amusement of Mr. Dikely.

"Oh! o-h, dear, dear!" cried Miss Seraphina.

Dikely reined in his horses so suddenly that he nearly threw them upon their haunches, and then turning, while his face wore an assumed look of deep solicitude, he tenderly said:

"You are ill—your nerves are so delicate; what can be done?"

"Mind your own business!" cried Miss Seraphina, angrily.

"I'll do it!" quoth Dikely, with a peculiar smile.

Accordingly he struck the horses a blow which caused them to jump frantically, and started the carriage so suddenly that the poodle was thrown yelping to the floor, and in her violent attempts to recover the animal Miss Seraphina came very near sharing a similar fate.

As she regained her equilibrium, and her poodle, she peevishly exclaimed:

"What a torment that man is!"

"All of them are, dear," returned Miss Angelina.

"You did not think so a few moments ago," said Alice, reprovingly; "ingratitude is one of the very worst of sins."

Miss Angelina gave no heed to the words of the heiress, but directing her eyes upon Miss Seraphina, queried:

"What caused your exclamation a short time since before you were interrupted?"

Dikely and Alice exchanged glances.

"Why," lisp'd Miss Seraphina, casting down her eyes, "I was thinking of poor Mr. Smilesoft, and what could have happened to him."

"Oh, yes," chimed in Miss Angelina, with rueful visage, "How could we forget him, poor dear man; perhaps he is murdered!"

"Perhaps he is," suggested Dikely, drily.

"You are a heartless thing!" exclaimed Miss Seraphina, with more than usual spirit.

"So I've been told," he imperturbably responded.

"Oh, dear," murmured Miss Angelina, "I am very anxious about Mr. Smilesoft; how brave he was, and how he did struggle."

"Yes, that he did," assented Miss Seraphina, "and he liked my sweet little Fanny, too."

The heiress smiled as she thought of the absurdity of connecting in one sentence two clauses whose respective subjects were so totally at variance.

Miss Angelina and her friend paid no attention to Dikely or Alice, but conversed respecting Mr. Smilesoft until they arrived at their own door.

Dismounting from the box, Dikely assisted the ladies to alight.

"Won't you come in?" said Miss Angelina. "We should be pleased to entertain you."

"I may, some time," he carelessly rejoined, and turned away.

"Are you going to leave the horses here?" screamed Miss Seraphina.

"You may take them into the house with you, if you wish," answered Dikely, very gravely. "I have nothing more to do with them."

"But they may run away!" exclaimed Miss Angelina.

"Let them run," replied Dikely, and with a bow to the heiress, he walked away.

"That man is either a fool or a lunatic," ejaculated Miss Seraphina.

"All of them are, dear," said Miss Angelina.

Alice paused, and darted towards them a glance of mingled scorn, indignation, and pity, and as she thought how the name of woman was disgraced and brought to ridicule and contempt by those who are not worthy of bearing it, she devoutly murmured:

"Thank Heaven, these are but one kind of women!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It will be remembered that we left the youth of the fiery heart upon the deck of the frigate, the Dawnning Light.

Had he been free from the grief which the loss of Mr. Tweed and his old friend Dombey occasioned, he might have entered with more glee into the novelty of this new life upon the ocean, so entirely different from the merchant service. But the harrowing thoughts of that sad occurrence, which destroyed two human lives, were constantly before his mind, and as he lay upon his couch and heard the rushing of the water against the sides of the noble vessel, his former life upon the Falcon seemed passing before him, while the scenes in which Dombey had figured,—always with such truth, honesty, fortitude, sacrifice, and courage,—almost drew the tears from his eyes, and with a deep sigh he would try to forget his sorrow in courtly sleep.

Captain Linwood also deeply felt the death of his friend, and exhibited it in his changed appearance. His wife, noticing his melancholy, had endeavoured to dispel it by suggesting hopes, which though based upon nothing, showed her desire to ameliorate the grief and lighten the spirit of him who was all the world to her. He appreciated her loving efforts, but at all times he could not control his feelings.

It was morning, and under the influence of a strong breeze, with all sail set, and inclining gracefully to the starboard, the Dawnning Light skimmed o'er the waves like some majestic bird.

Upon the port side nearly amidships, with one hand resting upon a gun and his eyes directed immediately upon the rolling waves, stood the youth. Near to him, with his arms folded, was Captain Linwood.

Presently the first lieutenant approached, and after passing the morning salutation, observed:

"Captain Vincent wishes me to give to you his compliments, and regrets that his indisposition prevents him from enjoying your society."

"Bear my thanks to him, if you please, Lieutenant," returned Captain Linwood, "and assure him that the regret he expresses is mutual."

"And mine also," added the youth. "I am gratified in seeing the Dawnning Light; my next desire is to see its commander."

"Then you are pleased with our good frigate?" smiled the lieutenant.

"I am, very much," laughed Frank.

The officer acknowledged the delicate compliment, and responded:

"That is the most agreeable part of it, I admit."

"You hear, Frank, the words of one who has had experience," remarked Captain Linwood; "it may, perhaps, subdue your fervour for the profession."

The youth made no reply, for rushing in all its bitter force upon his mind, came the thought that he had no home, and his pride would not allow him to be dependent upon Captain Linwood, and then the question arose—where should he go? That he could not answer, and with the sad thoughts of his strange and unnatural life again torturing his mind, he left the deck, and sought his state-room.

Time moved on, slowly it seemed to the youth, for his spirits were depressed, and they were entering the harbour of Vera Cruz.

Upon the starboard bows of the frigate stood Captain Linwood and wife, the youth, and the first lieutenant.

"Lieutenant Foster," said Captain Linwood, extending his hand, "to you and the commander—who by the way, I am very sorry not to have seen—insure the gratitude of myself and party, for the preservation of our lives, and as I say farewell, let me hope that we may meet again, and continue our acquaintance so pleasantly, yet so sadly begun."

"You do but express the words I was about to utter," returned the lieutenant, warmly, "but I too, owe you thanks for the pleasure which the presence of your gentle lady and self has given me, and I trust that your passage home may be devoid of storms.—Adieu."

And as the lady was assisted over the vessel's side, the lieutenant doffed gracefully his gold-bound cap and waved his hand to the gentlemen.

The party being safely seated in the boat, the crew gave way, and the little craft shot from the vessel's side, and glided swiftly towards the shore, above which rose the high walls of the city.

"Now, my men," said Captain Linwood, for his boat's crew were his own sailors, "what do you propose to do?"

"Oh, we shall get along, captain," responded one of the oldest, as he glanced at the other two boats near them; "you see there are a good many of us, and we can help each other. We can work our passage to old England in time to sail with you when you go again."

"I hope so," continued the captain, earnestly; "you are tried and true; I wish no better men."

The smiles that rested upon the bronzed, honest faces of the men showed that all felt deeply their commander's expression of good will, and inclined their heads in respectful acknowledgment.

In a few moments the boats touched the shore, and after assisting his wife to disembark, the captain turned and shook hands with each sailor, while Mrs. Linwood and the youth stood near, gazing upon the affecting scene, with looks which gradually deepened from interest to melancholy.

As her husband approached, Mrs. Linwood gazed pleadingly into his face, and asked:

"May I not shake hands with them?"

He smiled tenderly, as he thought of the noble spirit which prompted the request, and rejoined:

"Certainly, dearest, you could do nothing which would gratify them so much."

Timidly, half-fearful lest they should consider her bold, yet thinking of the peril she had been in, and how nobly they had protected her, Mrs. Linwood advanced to the boat, and extending her hand to the white-haired sailor who was in the bow, said:

"Will you not also grasp the hand of your captain's wife?"

"Oh, you are very good," murmured the old man, as he closed his rough hand over the delicate fingers which trembled in his clasp, and lifted his eyes to her with an expression almost of reverence, "you were the angel of our ship, dear lady." He paused, and then dashing his hands across his eyes as if to check the dew which memory had forced from the fountain of his heart, he asked, "May I say a few words?"

"Speak on; you have the right which age gives, and needs no request," answered Mrs. Linwood, kindly.

The old man sighed, and then placing his hand over hers, and patting it softly, with that tenderness so peculiar to aged persons, he raised his eyes humid with emotion, and said in faltering accents:

"You are a true woman—would to Heaven there were more. You may never think how much good a woman can do with her gentle ways and kind heart, but it is a great deal more than one would think. I have seen it, and alas! I have seen what bad and foolish women can do too; the results of the acts of those who are bad and those who are foolish are about the same, though one comes from evil intent and the other from weakness. I've had a little of a good woman's love. It is many years since she died—she who loved me, and sat on my knee, and laid her face against mine! Oh, it was like a great broad lumbering ship, like the frigate at her side; it was when she nestled close to me for protection! Your face makes me think of her; excuse me, my eyes grow dim. You held a power over us in the barque; you made us better. That is woman's mission, if they only knew it, but some don't, or won't, and make us worse. But I am talking too much, dear lady: forgive an old salt's garrulity, and may the Creator of us all bless you," and the old man beat over and kissed her hand.

His words, spoken so sincerely, and the agitation which he evinced, intensified Mrs. Linwood's interest until his closing words seemed to her like a benediction, and with dewy eyes she kindly bade the others farewell, and then moved towards her husband.

"Mrs. Linwood," said the old man, as she passed the boat.

She paused, retraced her steps, and looked inquiringly upon him.

"I hope you'll forgive me," he said, in choked accents, "but if you'll take a trifle I've got here you'll make me very happy. There it is," and he drew from his neck a long, silver chain, attached to which was a Spanish dollar; "that hung around my little daughter's neck as long as she lived. I have worn it since, and that was twenty-five long years ago."

"It is now forty-five years since I got it; I was a boy then. I want you to take this, it's a poor thing to give you, lady, but you've been so kind, and always had a cheering word for me, that I thought I must give you something, just to remember me by you, know," and he held it towards her.

His fervency, the true heart which shone through his words, simple though they were, aroused tender sympathy and appreciation in the breast of Mrs. Linwood, and she replied:

"I thank you very much, but it must be very dear to you; I shall remember you without it."

A look of sad disappointment passed over his features, and he slowly restored the article to its resting place; then, as if regretting the action, he suddenly brought it forth again, and placing it in her hand, vehemently said:

"Oh, lady, please take it; I might die before I see you again, and then it will be buried with me. I can't put it back again; it seems just as if my little



[THE OLD SAILOR'S ADIEU.]

girl was whispering to me to give it to you. I know you will love it and cherish it, not so much for my sake, as for her sake. It's an old man's last request, dear lady—an old man who has passed nearly forty-five years of life upon the sea—will you take it?"

"I will," stammered Mrs. Linwood, the pearly tear-drops trembling upon her eye-lashes, "I will cherish it, too, for you are a good man, and I thank you very much for your confidence."

His eyes lighted; his aged head, with its crown of snow-white hair, moved slowly, as if in thankfulness, and pressing her hand within his own, he huskily murmured:

"I am very happy now—adieu, dear lady—Heaven bless you!"

She gazed upon him a moment, and then rejoined her husband, who drew her tenderly to him, and while his face wore a look of reverential love, he said:

"You are my life, dearest; your sweet spirit carries its influence to the hearts of men, and melts them."

She replied by a glance of purest affection from her soul-lit eyes, and then taking his arm, moved onward.

In a short time they reached a hotel, and engaged rooms.

The youth felt that it was now time to inform his friends that he could not remain with them, yet he disliked to do so, for well he knew the many objections which would be raised, and the sadness it would cause Mrs. Linwood.

"Why are you so quiet, Frank?"

It was her voice, and he felt much relieved that she had broached the subject, for now it would be much easier to make the dreaded declaration. He hesitated, was silent a moment, and then returned;

"I am thinking of something which in itself is sad."

"The loss of our friends?"

"No, not that particularly, although that is not out of my mind," and he looked up with a melancholy smile.

"What, then, is it?" queried Mrs. Linwood, very earnestly.

He was silent a few moments, during which time he was meditating upon the best method of announcing his departure; but ere he could decide, his impulse preceded his judgment, and he hastily responded:

"I am about to leave you."

"Leave us?" and Mrs. Linwood's face became pale.

"What do you mean?"

"I knew that you would object," he rejoined, "and I did not like to tell you. But it is best that I should go."

"Where will you go?" exclaimed Mrs. Linwood, in tones betraying sad anxiety. "You cannot be sincere? I pray you drive the idea from your mind." He shook his head mournfully, and answered:

"I know the kind spirit which prompts your words, and although I deeply appreciate them, I must not listen."

"Frank, why do you speak thus?" and Mrs. Linwood arose, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and gazed pleadingly into his face. "Have you not been happy with us?"

"Happy! How can you ask me that? Can you not remember that you were the first one who ever made me happy—you, who took me from the bosom of the cold sea and warmed me by the sunshine of your love."

"Then why do you not remain with us?"

"You interposed your question at a point most favourable to your views, but, Mrs. Linwood, though you are my friend, and I know it, and feel it, yet I cannot be dependent, for then I should not be friendly to myself."

She regarded him with an expression of blunted reproach, sadness, and admiration, and said:

"You cannot conquer your pride, even to please me!"

"Mrs. Linwood, you well know that I would do anything consistent with my own honour to gratify you—do not speak, please, I know what you would say—but as I have often told you, there is something that rebels. Call it pride, foolish pride if you will, but it is there, and I can't help it."

"How then could you stay with Mr. Tweed and Mr. Wilton?"

"The former adopted me, the latter was fate. This, my presence here, is fate."

"I hope you are not a fatalist."

"I am not. I speak thus—fate—desiring not to take upon my lips the name of the Creator in common, or in careless mood."

"There is your poetry again, Frank," and she gazed wonderingly, tenderly upon him.

"You seek to turn my thought into a different channel—you are ever kind—but this must not be," said Frank, his voice modulating to a calm firmness.

She sighed, was about to speak, then listened a moment, and at length replied:

"I will say no more, but resign the case to my husband, whom I hear approaching."

In a moment Captain Linwood entered.

"Frank has made some extraordinary statements to me," remarked Mrs. Linwood.

"Indeed; what are they, dearest, that cause you to look so serious?" he asked, interestedly.

"He tells me that he is about to leave us."

"Leave us!" echoed the captain, in surprise.

Then turning to Frank, he added:

"Come, my boy, sit down by my side, and tell me the meaning of this."

The youth complied, and with reddened cheek and downcast eye, said:

"You know that I love you very much, and that I am grateful for the tender care you have extended to me, but I cannot be a burden upon you."

"A burden!" the captain laughed; "that is nonsense."

A bright light for an instant shot from the fiery eye, then 'twas gone, and in a mild, but resolute tone, he returned:

"It may be to you, but you know I cannot be dependent."

"Frank," the tone was almost stern, "I cannot listen to this. It is absurd, as well as unkind."

"No, no, do not say that!" cried the youth, pleadingly. "You know I am not ungrateful or inconsiderate, but it does hurt me so to think of—it."

"I know what you would say," interposed the captain, in a gentler tone; "but think a moment. Who saved our lives? Who was the instrument in the hands of an all-wise Creator that discovered the state of our boats, and made them whole? You, my dear boy—you!"

"It was only my duty," responded the youth, almost inaudibly.

"And I say it is my duty to take care of you, and I shall do it. It is my duty to our dear friend Daniel, who loved you. It is a duty I owe to my own honour! Remember—this is both conclusive and decisive!"

The youth could make no further objections, and the subject was dismissed.

Mrs. Linwood was rejoiced at this settlement of the question, which had called up so many sad feelings on either side.

The day passed away, and the youth sought his couch. Again he was without resource and obliged to accept of the bounty of his friends. His protector and old companion were lost, and all his treasures—clothes—books—and the product of his own brain, which he naturally felt much affection for, were at the bottom of the sea, and shrouded by the dark, rolling waves.

(To be continued.)



[MR. GLEW'S HALL.]

THE LOCKSMITH OF LYONS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Shakespeare.

WEEKS had passed after the prostration of the artisan from the thrust of Le Scorpion's poisoned dagger, when Dr. Planche deemed it prudent to resume the conversation so abruptly terminated in a preceding chapter.

By that time the artisan had recovered from his wounds, and was able to leave his room—the room he occupied in the house of Dr. Planche.

Those in La Croix Rousse who were familiar with the appearance of the artisan in his character of a locksmith, and under the name of Robert Lackville, would have failed to recognise him as George Herbert, artist and designer in the schools of art of Lyons.

As Robert Lackville, locksmith, he was known as a bluff, frank, bronze-faced young man, whose workman's garb, loose and light at the throat, open over the breast, rolled up to the shoulder at the arms, and worn carelessly, though ever neat, served to display his well-made and powerful frame, simply as an artisan, a man of the people.

As George Herbert, artist and designer, he was known among the schools of art as a man of genius, silent and reserved, haughty and distant, ever clad as a gentleman of taste and wealth.

To himself he was known as a man who had been a *galérien*; as one who, whether he wore the coarse blouse of an artisan, or in the rich broadcloth of a distinguished artist, bore upon his shoulder a scar of infamy, from which the honest poor would recoil as suddenly as the haughty rich.

To Dr. Planche he was known, or firmly believed to be, a young man of noble nature, of splendid talents, of lion-like courage, of sterling integrity, most cruelly wounded by the malice of Esark Hasserbrek.

Weeks after he had received his wounds from the dagger of Le Scorpion, then, and at an early hour of the morning, he entered the office of Dr. Planche, attended by Antoine, who had scarcely left his side since the delirium seized upon him.

The artisan was pale, and the bronzed hue of his complexion and hands had disappeared. He was thinner than when we introduced him to the reader in his locksmith's shop of La Croix Rousse, but his

step was firm and elastic, and the fire of restored health in his steady glance.

"I am ready, my friend," he said to the doctor.

"Oh, then you are determined to visit General La Mothier? Sit down, and let us reason over what you are to tell him."

"I know what I am to tell him. He already knows that I am a *galérien*."

"My faith!" exclaimed the doctor, starting. "And here I have been arraying a host of reasons why you should not speak of that to him!"

"I did not inform you of all that passed between General La Mothier and myself at the single interview we had," replied the artisan. "Had I done so I would have told you that I bared my shoulder to his gaze, pointing out to him the scar."

"And why did you do that? My faith, and you had never seen him before! What folly! I see—you chanced to be in one of those morbid moods you sometimes have, and you were ready to strip off your shirt, and rush into the street, and shout: 'Ho, every body! I was a *galérien*!' There are such maniacs in this world, and I fear you are one of them."

"I was, at the time, in such a mood, my friend," replied the artisan, calmly. "In truth, having just excited myself in chastising that rascal, Hasserbrek, and expecting that he would proclaim to all Lyons that Robert Lackville, locksmith, was Robert Lackville, *galérien*, I felt desperate."

"Oh, well considered in that light, the act was excusable in one who too often gives way to rash impulses. When you shall have lived to my age you will be very far from showing scars to the world."

"It does not matter now, my friend. Even had I not told him already, I would now tell him."

"Not if Blanche were not his child—and that we cannot prove. In truth we only suspect that, and I am not sure that we shall not do very wrong in creating the same impression in his mind."

"You will not go with me, then, to the general's?"

"Certainly. But listen; he has no doubt that his child is dead. We have no firm and positive proof that the child was not destroyed. And, besides, we have no positive proof that Blanche is that child, if the child still lives."

"Doctor, I perfectly understand you," said the artisan, gravely.

"You do?"

"Yes. You firmly believe Blanche to be the child of Henri La Mothier?"

"My faith do I!"

"And know that she and I love each other devotedly?"

"Yes. I am very sure that you and she love each other—just as I and my good wife used to love each other."

"Yes; and as you and your good wife still love each other, doctor."

"I admit we still have a respectable affection after so many years of married life," replied the doctor, laughing. "But you said you perfectly understood me. Go on."

"Yes, my dear friend, I perfectly understand you. You firmly believe Blanche to be the daughter of Henri and Leola La Mothier. You know that Blanche and I are devotedly attached to each other. You are also sure that La Mothier, a noble, and of great pride, will never permit his daughter to marry a *galérien*."

"Ha!" cried the old physician, staring at the artisan.

"And you desire that I should make Blanche my wife, before word is said to the man whom you believe to be her father?"

"Good! All you state is perfectly true, George," said Dr. Planche. "I do not say my desire is generous towards La Mothier, but I do declare it is just towards you. You are as dear to me, George Herbert," he continued, as he grasped the hands of the artisan warmly in his own, "as if you were my own son. God has never given me a child, yet I think no father could love a son more than I do you, my boy. I knew you before you fell under the terrible hate of that Esark Hasserbrek, and loved you then. I would have adopted you then as my son, yonder in England, had I not seen that you yearned feverishly to discover the mysteries of your birth, and to find your real father. You came to me after you had fallen under the power of Hasserbrek—came to me desperate, despondent, ready almost to end your blighted life with your own hand—not longer desiring to find your kindred, because you believed the brand of the *galérien* had disgraced your blood, whether you sprang from peer or peasant. Then I persuaded you to accept me as your father, to live with me as a beloved son. You desired to penetrate the secrets of these formidable organisations of the weavers, which threatened to repeat in Lyons the scenes of 1831, and so assumed two characters and two names. I have only advised. I only do that now, my son. You will be miserable all your life if you lose Blanche."

"Your happiness is as dear to me as my own; nay, more dear—since I am old, and can live but a few years longer. It is no dishonourable thing that I

would advise you to do. We do not know that Blanche is the child of La Mothier. We do not know that she is not the niece of Lisette Rousseau. We know that your future happiness, and hers, depends upon your union—a union that cannot be set aside by any discovery we may hereafter make of her parentage. See—since you led her into this house you and she have not met. Such was your desire, and I have not opposed it. She pines and droops, being cut off from you. Nothing that I, or my wife, can think of to divert her mind from you, is of any avail. Yet, she is patient, and bears up well against this separation, because she has no suspicion that it may be final."

"Oh," said the doctor, impatiently, and advancing towards an alcove before which hung a heavy curtain of green and gold damask, "you are a pair of absurdly honourable fellows. Is not that your opinion, General Henri La Mothier?"

As he pronounced this name, the curtain was swept aside, and from the alcove advanced the owner of the name.

"General La Mothier!" exclaimed the artisan, in amazement, and instantly recognising the stately personage who had visited him in his shop in La Croix Rousse.

"He who may be my father!" cried Blanche, pale and startled, and involuntarily clinging to the arm of the artisan.

The general, who was also very pale, from many contending emotions, continued to advance towards the bewildered pair, but his eyes were fixed upon the face of the artisan, and both hands extended.

"I am Henri La Mothier," he said, "and at the request of Dr. Planche I have been a concealed witness of all that has passed since you entered this room, for which I owe you an apology. Until I heard the conversation between you and the doctor I had no suspicion that a child of mine was living. As regards that, all is a mystery to me, but this I know, young man—you are worthy to be the husband of any woman in France."

So saying, he grasped the right hand of the artisan in both of his, pressing it warmly.

As the general advanced towards the artisan, Blanche had retreated to the side of the doctor, to whose arms she now clung trembling, and gazing fearfully at the tall and military-looking personage, who, if he were indeed her father, was a man with right and power to deprive her of her lover.

"Ah, great heaven!" she thought, "I may gain a very great and rich man for a father, and lose my Robert. Oh, doctor," she whispered to the physician, "it was cruel and treacherous in you to do this."

"Wait, my dove of beauty and innocence," replied the doctor, in the same tone. "It may be that I understand the character of General La Mothier better than you or your lover! My faith! in a worldly light, Henri La Mothier is as honest and impulsively honourable a simpleton as my friend George Herbert. I am almost sorry that I did not also entrap the countess at the same time with her husband—but then she, being a woman, and therefore weak, would have screamed the instant she conceived a suspicion that her infant was living. It is well as it is."

"Yes, monsieur," continued the general, smiling, and still holding the hand of the artisan; "you are worthy to be the husband of any woman in France, even of the blood-royal. Nobility of heart and not nobility of birth makes true worth. That young lady may or may not be my daughter, but in either case remember and regard me only as your friend."

"Were I to wed her, and it should afterwards be proved that she, the daughter of a noble family, was the wife of a branded criminal," said the artisan, trembling with emotion, "she would despise me."

"Never. She loves you too purely, too devotedly."

"Yet I should despise myself. I should go mad in reflecting that I had blindfolded her into a marriage which the honest part of the world would justly call infamous. I have not yet told her that she has bestowed all her wealth of love upon a *galérien*. I could not wed her, and she ignorant of that. Let me tell you, my noble-hearted benefactor, that though my frame writhed with agony the other night, when she thrust the red-hot iron into my bleeding wounds, my soul writhed with a greater agony of dread lest she should see the accursed brand upon my shoulder!"

"Come forth, and tell him you did see the brand, and have heard his story."

But before all this had been spoken, the curtained glass doors of the great book-case had flown wide apart, a glorious form of ravishing beauty had leaped into sight, and two arms, as white as snow, and as soft as down, had encircled the neck of the artisan.

"Blanche—dear Blanche!" he cried, as he pressed the ardent girl fondly to his breast, and rained down a storm of kisses upon her brow, cheeks, and lips.

"My Robert! I know all, and I love you all the more," she replied, gazing devotedly into his face, which, to her loving heart, seemed to have been hidden from her an age. "Oh, I saw that scar that dreadful evening in La Croix Rousse, but I knew nothing of its meaning—and if I had, I had already given my heart to you, for ever. Since then, Dr. Planche has told me all, and you, dear, wronged, noble Robert, are a thousand times dearer to me than before." "Do you see?" cried the doctor. "This is the happiness now in your arms, easily and quickly made yours for ever—and which a few words from you to La Mothier may cut off from your heart for ever. Are you still resolute to visit the general, and reveal to him what you suspect?"

"I am resolute never to commit an act which may afterwards cause me to despise myself," replied the artisan.

"Oh, my Robert, you do not love me as I love you," exclaimed Blanche, disturbed by the cloud upon her lover's brow, and the proud sadness in his tone.

"Dr. Planche," he said, calmly, "she is a woman in years and form. She is but a child in experience. I love her too well to take advantage of her love and innocence. You have tempted me sorely; but suspecting—almost knowing—as I do, I am still resolved to see Henri La Mothier."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, staring at the artisan, who was pale and trembling, but whose superbly handsome features were firm and resolute. "Who taught you to have such principles—such scruples of honour."

"This man," replied the artisan, placing his right hand upon Antoine's shoulder. "All principles or scruples of honour and honesty, or right and manhood, that I possess, or that prompt any action of mine were taught me by Antoine, who received me, an infant, from the hands of those who deserted me. Am I right? Antoine, in being resolute to speak with Henry La Mothier before I wed one who may be his daughter?"

"Monsieur is right," replied the gray-haired Swiss, with glistening eyes.

"Good!" whispered the delighted doctor to Blanche. "That pledge from the lips of Henri La Mothier was all I desired. My faith! he is a rarity! He is a man that has never forfeited his word!"

The artisan was about to reply, scarcely knowing what reply to make, when the general continued, rapidly:

"Before saying a word upon any other subject, permit me to explain my presence in the character of a spy. For that character I am indebted to Dr. Planche. Yesterday he called upon me, introducing himself, and gave me your history, as it is known to him, as it was told by you to him. I was already greatly interested in you; in fact, since our interview in the locksmith shop in La Croix Rousse, you have been in my mind. I desired to explain to you how I obtained an impression of a key, not knowing that the key unlocked the bed-chamber of the maiden you loved, and to explain, also, why I desired such a key. You did not come to see me as you had promised, and, on inquiry, I was pained to learn that your shop was closed, and that you had disappeared.

"Since then, I have been daily endeavouring to find you, and in vain, until the conversation of Dr. Planche informed me that you were in his house—my next-door neighbour. There are reasons, of which I shall hereafter speak, that lead me to feel a deep interest in you and your welfare, and therefore I gladly accepted an invitation from the doctor to meet you this morning, here in his office, at a certain hour. Let me assure you, young lady," said the general, bowing to Blanche, "that I had not the slightest suspicion of your presence in the book-case."

"Come!" exclaimed Dr. Planche; "the facts, briefly, are these. It was all my plot. Assured that the general would be prompt and punctual, I persuaded my little Blanche to remain hidden in the book-case until I should call out, 'Come forth!' Soon after she was hidden, the general entered, and at the same moment, I heard the approach of George and Antoine.

"Oblige me, general," said I, "by remaining behind the curtain of that alcove. I will not detain you there very long."

"He complied at once, and all was done so quickly and quietly, that I am sure Blanche knew nothing of it."

"Indeed," said Blanche, blushing, "I had no suspicion that anyone was playing spy except myself."

"I have no doubt of that," remarked the general. "Imagine my amazement when I heard the doctor say to Monsieur Herbert, immediately upon his entrance, 'Oh, then, you are determined to visit General La Mothier. Sit down, and let us reason over what you are to tell him.' Imagine my wonder in

listening to the rapid conversation that followed, in which, for the first time, I learned that it was supposed by anyone that the maiden loved by Monsieur Herbert was my child—a child that I have never doubted—not, for an instant—was drowned in the Seine, fifteen years ago, by Barbe Rousseau. And now, Dr. Planche, and Monsieur Herbert, in Heaven's name, tell me why you suspect that the child hurried from the Pont Neuf by the accursed Barbe Rousseau is this young lady!"

The voice, the features, the stately person of General La Mothier, quivered with excitement beyond his control, and the doctor was about to reply, when a shrill, unearthly yell was heard in the hall, evidently near the front entrance of the mansion.

"My faith! what does that mean?" exclaimed the old doctor, hurrying to a door of his office which commanded a view of the hall.

He held the footman, or hall-porter, Guillot, rapidly retreating from the furious advance and gestures of an old woman, who brandished a knife, and who at the same yelled:

"Take care, you calf in livery! One scratch, and you are a dead man! I know General La Mothier is in this house. Out of my way, beef-eater! His servants told me he was in here. Hoo! must I give you a taste of my claw?"

"Let her pass, Guillot," cried Dr. Planche to the footman, who was brandishing a chair as he retreated from this wild old woman, whose very aspect was terrible.

"Ha, ha! Are you there, Dr. Alphonse Abat?" screamed the old woman, advancing towards the office.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Blanche, recognising the voice. "It is Mother Grimo!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;
And when an insult I forgive,
Then brand me as a slave and live. Scott.

It is necessary to return for a short time to Mother Grimo, in her prison, with Le Scorpion, Papa Canton, and Barbe Rousseau, her jailors, in order to explain her sudden presence in the house of Dr. Planche.

It will be remembered that the infuriated old woman, on being told that sustenance was only to be had by lowering a cord into the room of her jailors, vowed she would starve before she would do it.

And the hard-headed old woman really meant to execute the threat against herself when she screamed it through the trap-door. But death by starvation is almost impossible when the means of satisfying hunger are within easy reach. It is very seldom indeed that the most determined and desperate would-be suicide has the nerve to starve himself or herself to death.

Mother Grimo was very resolute and very obstinate, and for three days permitted the pangs of hunger and thirst to gnaw at her vitals. She had, however, no desire to put an end to her life, under any circumstances, especially, if by doing so she was to leave Le Scorpion and Barbe Rousseau triumphant. Had she desired death, she could have used her poisoned knife or any of the many extracts of snake-venom she had in her chest upon herself.

But she had no desire to kill herself, nor yet to be killed in any way by anybody. She hoped her obstinacy would so alarm her jailors that they would yield to their fears of losing her evidence, and bring her food at her door. Once out, she believed she could get out. Once out, she believed not all the power on earth could hold her.

But at the end of three days she found herself becoming very weak, and furiously famished. The odour of hot and enticing food often ascended into her prison through the trap-door, and this odour weakened her obstinacy, while it increased her hunger.

Peering at times through the trap, she always saw one or more of her jailors below, feasting, or drinking, or smoking.

At the end of the third day, the old woman, unable longer to resist, lowered a stout cord, and one end dangled suddenly before the nose of Le Scorpion, who was at the time smoking, while Papa Canton slept.

"Oh! we are hungry up there," said Le Scorpion, flashing up his single eye.

Mother Grimo replied with a curse, at which he laughed.

"You shall have something," he said; and soon after he fastened a small basket to the cord.

"Pull up, and feast, my beloved."

Mother Grimo drew up the basket, eagerly. She found the basket full of bottles, but the bottles were empty, and in the bottom of the basket was the stocking which had once contained her hoardings.

"Fiend, you mock you!" screamed Mother Grimo,

who then pelted Le Scorpion with the empty bottles. Le Scorpion was not easy to hit. He was as expert at dodging as a base-ball player. He danced around the floor, screaming with laughter at the furious failures of the old woman. The bottles crashed to his right and left, on the floor and against the wall, but none hit him.

Finally, Mother Grimo had thrown all but one of the bottles, and finding it in vain to try to hit the dancing juggler, she hurled it at the bald head of the grinning old sot, Papa Canton, who had waked up, and was enjoying the sport.

True to its aim, the bottle struck the bald head, and was shattered into a thousand pieces, Mother Grimo little suspected that this feat was eventually to set her free. So she only triumphed at the time in having battered the pate of one of her jailors, and clapped her withered hands for joy, as she saw the blood streaming from the bald head of Papa Canton.

He gave one dismal yell when he was struck, then a dismal groan and became as if dead.

"Ho, you have killed him!" cried Le Scorpion, running to the bed and staring at the man.

"I hope so. I only wish it were you, or Barbe Rousseau," replied Mother Grimo. "Is he dead?"

"Yes, he is dead. No, he is not dead!"
"Let me shoot her—oh, let me shoot her!" roared Papa Canton, floundering out of his bed, furious, and searching under the pillow for a pistol. "She has smashed my head. Let me shoot her!"

But this did not suit Le Scorpion. Neither he nor Barbe Rousseau had any desire for the death of Mother Grimo—at least, not yet, so he wrested the weapon from the hands of the old sot, and forced him back into bed, that his hurts might be dressed.

"I'll have her life!" roared Papa Canton, when his head was bandaged.

"You shall have the killing of her when we have done with her. At present, we must keep her alive. Lower the cord and basket, my angel," said Le Scorpion. "I shall take care not to send so many bottles again."

This time Mother Grimo drew up the basket full of excellent food; and made a hearty meal. After that she drew up her provisions regularly three times a day.

She saw very little of Barbe Rousseau. Each day he entered the room below once or twice, remained a few minutes, and went away. In fact, Barbe Rousseau was full of the intended insurrection, and only looked in occasionally to see that his prisoner was safe.

At length Le Scorpion began to go out also. He had a part to play in the intended outbreak. His wounds having nearly healed, he would be absent for hours at a time.

But Papa Canton never went out for more than half an hour at a time, scarcely long enough, Mother Grimo thought, to go far from the house. But either he or Le Scorpion were always there on guard. Whenever Papa Canton was alone in the room below, and Mother Grimo peered down at him, he would point at his battered bald-head and swear vengeance.

"I am only waiting," he would say, "until the revolution begins. Then I'll make an end of you, old tigress."

It soon began to dawn upon Mother Grimo's mind that the old sot was gradually going mad. His head had never been right since the bottle was smashed upon it. It was a marvel how he had retained any sense at all, after so many years of deep and continual drinking. All he wanted was drink, and Le Scorpion or Barbe Rousseau kept him supplied with wine and brandy, when either of them were present. When he was left alone a sentinel very little wine and no brandy was left for his use. Otherwise Papa Canton would have been dead drunk all the time, or killed himself quickly.

As days passed on, Mother Grimo perceived that the old drunkard was more and more becoming a monomaniac—that is, he was becoming insane with a desire to kill her. He kept this desire concealed from Le Scorpion and Barbe Rousseau, but Mother Grimo was well aware of it. She saw it glaring in his eyes as he stared upwards at her, trying to get a shot at her when she peeped at him.

She had no fear that he could hit her with any bullet fired by his shaking hands. He seemed to know very well that his shot would be thrown away, unless he could approach within a few feet of her. It was only when filled with drink when Le Scorpion was present, that he felt his hand was steady enough to take sure aim. But then the eye of Le Scorpion, whom he dreaded, was upon him.

Papa Canton often tried to persuade the old woman to make a rope of her bed-clothes and lower herself into his room.

"Come, I'll be your friend," he would say, coaxingly. "I am tired of this life; am I not as much of a prisoner as you are? I want to go out; I have

made a little money in being your jailor, and I desire to spend it in the Golden Loom. Come down; I will then let you pass out."

This did not deceive the old woman. She knew he was lying. She knew that were she to trust herself to a rope, he would put a ball through her head on her way down. Besides, she felt anything but confidence in her power to make a safe descent on any rope that she could imagine.

"Why don't you come up the stairs out in the hall, and open my door," she asked, "if you want to let me out?"

"There are no stairs there. Barbe Rousseau and Le Scorpion tore them down, weeks ago—you must have heard the noise they made."

Mother Grimo had heard the noise, but she did not know why it was made.

"And can't you climb up?"

"No, I tried that. I haven't much use of my limbs," replied the bloated old man. "Time was when I could have scaled the place where the stairs were like a cat. But I can't now; I am old and heavy; and somehow I can't lift my limbs about. Oh, I tried to climb up! I did!"

"The old serpent has tried to get at me!" thought Mother Grimo. "He is constantly studying some plot to kill me. That blow on his head has left but one idea in it—the idea to his upon a plan to make an end of me. I will study how to kill him."

One day, Mother Grimo, peeping down slyly, said:

"Manage to get me a stout rope, forty feet long, and some stout fish-hooks, and I will contrive to get down there. I am going to trust you."

"Bravo! But what do you want with fish-hooks?"

"Oh, if I tell you, you may tell Le Scorpion or Barbe Rousseau, and then they will know very well what I want with fish-hooks."

"Who ever heard of fish-hooks being used in making a rope ladder?" growled Papa Canton.

"If you don't get me one hundred stout fish-hooks, of all sizes, I won't trust you," said Mother Grimo. "I have an idea that you intend to shoot me in the back, while I am on my way down; but I am willing to risk that."

"Oh, what an idea! But to prove my faith, I will get the fish-hooks for you—a thousand, if you like."

"A hundred will do."

The next day, Papa Canton, while out—and leaving Le Scorpion on guard—procured forty feet of half-inch line, which he concealed by winding around his body, under his loose blouse; and also a package containing a hundred and more fish-hooks, some very small, some with shafts two inches long.

When again alone in his room, he fastened the rope and package to Mother Grimo's string, and she soon had them in her possession.

"Thanks, Papa Canton," she said, her squinting eyes glittering with savage glee. "Now, I will make me a rope ladder."

"Good!" muttered the vindictive old sot. "And I will pop a brace of bullets into your head as you come down on that ladder. But what does she want with fish-hooks?"

Papa Canton studied long upon this mystery, and as connectedly as his drunk-sodden brain would permit, but he studied in vain.

"No matter," he mused, "the fish-hooks will be of very little use to her after she comes within three feet of the floor. I'll let her get nearly down, and then I'll pay her for my broken head. How it has ached, day and night, since she smashed the bottle on me."

He pressed his head between his bloated, chalky fingers, and groaned. He was going mad from continual pain in the head. In truth, the bottle had for ever distorted his wits. The thousands of full bottles he had emptied into his head during his vile old life, combined with the single empty bottle that had smitten him on the outside of his head, had resulted in creating one great and all-absorbing desire—a desire to kill the woman who had struck him.

Mother Grimo at once began to make a rope-ladder, after examining and laying aside the hook.

In two days she had made an admirable rope-ladder, over twenty-five feet long. Then she took from her chest a stout scarf, or narrow shawl, of black wool. To one end of this scarf, and even as far up as half of it, she carefully attached the fish-hooks—every one of them, large and small—using strong black silk thread, and sewing the hooks to the scarf strongly.

When this was done, the lower half of the scarf bristled with keen, barbed points.

Then she took from the upper tray of her chest a small glass jar, nearly full of some thick, greenish gum, almost a liquid. With this gum, and using a feather she took from her pillow, she carefully anointed the point and barb of every hook.

She was very particular not to omit a single hook, and not to permit the slightest particle of the gum to get on her fingers.

She was two days in doing this, for after anointing six or eight hooks, she waited until the gum had dried upon them before anointing more.

This gum was distilled from the poison-bags of the deadly coral snake.

When the gum had dried on the last anointed hooks, Mother Grimo folded over them the other half of the black woollen scarf, so that the hooks were wholly concealed. She then fastened one end of this infernal machine to the foot of her rope-ladder, and to the other end of the scarf, now folded as we have said—an empty bottle for a weight.

It was strange, but true, that Papa Canton's lifelong enemy, the bottle, was to be used in the terrible and last assault that was to be made upon him.

Mother Grimo was now ready for active operations.

On the morning of that day, when La Mothier and the artisan met in the office of Dr. Planche, Mother Grimo called out to Papa Canton:

"Come, shall I try it to-day?"

"You have been a very long time in making a rope-ladder," he replied. "Is it done?"

"Yes, but I fear it is too short. Only twenty feet, or less. If I fasten a shawl or something to it, it may do—that is, if you will hold the shawl so as to keep the ladder from swinging about."

"I can do that readily," replied Papa Canton, after a sly examination of his pistol.

"You are sure we shan't be interrupted?"

"Barbe Rousseau and Le Scorpion have both gone over to the hill of Fourviers, to be gone all day. You will never have a better chance, my dear."

Papa Canton was in a fever of eagerness. His intended vengeance seemed now ready to drop into his arms. He was ready to embrace it. He trembled and laughed, and glared, and rubbed his great bloated face, the carbuncles on his nose and face glowed like gems of fire.

"I am afraid!" whined the old woman, peering down with her squinting eyes. "My head already swells at the bare thought of venturing on a rope-ladder."

"Bah! Courage! It is nothing!" said Papa Canton, glaring up impatiently. "Don't be foolish now!"

"But someone may come in just while I am swinging in the air!"

"Chut! There is no one to come in! Whoever comes in here?" cried Papa Canton, in a frenzy of insane eagerness.

"The people of the house may come in when I scream. I know I shall scream when I am half-way down."

"Oh, you shall scream when you are down!" muttered the crazy old desperado. But aloud he replied:

"You might scream like fifty demons, and no one would hear you. This house is uninhabited above the second story. We are in the fourth. All the yelling and screaming you or I can make could never be heard above the clash and clang of the looms of the weavers on the second floor. Besides Barbe Rousseau has told all never to heed any cries they may hear in this part of the house."

"Oh, he has!"

"Yes. Come. Have you fastened anything to the ladder for me to hold?" roared Papa Canton, extending and lifting his hands to evince his desire to aid her.

"Yes. I have something for you to hold," replied Mother Grimo, chuckling in her sleeve, as she began to lower the scarf.

Papa Canton beheld the empty bottle slowly advancing. With gleaming eyes he stood ready to grasp the scarf as soon as it should be within his eager reach.

(To be continued).

AN ITALIAN SECRET SOCIETY.—The "Madre Natura" is the oldest, the most powerful, and the most occult of the secret societies of Italy. Its mythic origin reaches the era of Paganism, and it is not impossible that it may have been founded by some of the despised professors of the ancient faith. As time advanced, the brotherhood assumed many outward forms, according to the varying spirit of the age; sometimes they were freemasons, sometimes they were soldiers, sometimes artists, sometimes men of letters. But whether their external representation were a lodge, a commandery, a studio, or an academy, their inward purpose was ever the same; and that was to cherish the memory, and, if possible, to secure the restoration, of the Roman Republic, and to expel from the Aryan settlement of Romulus the creeds and sovereignty of what they styled the Semitic invasion. The chief tenet of the society of "Madre Natura" is denoted by its name. They could conceive nothing more benignant and more beautiful, more provident and more powerful, more essentially divine, than that system of creative order to which they owed their being, and in which it

was their privilege to exist. But they differed from other schools of philosophy that have held this faith in this singular particular; they recognised the inability of the Latin race to pursue the worship of nature in an abstract spirit, and they desired to revive those exquisite personifications of the abounding qualities of the mighty mother which the Aryan genius had bequeathed to the admiration of man. Parthenope was again to rule at Naples instead of Janarius, and starveling saints and winking madonnas were to restore their usurped altars to the god of the silver bow and the radiant daughter of the foaming wave. Although the society of "Madre Natura" themselves accepted the allegorical interpretation which the Neo-Platonists had placed upon the Pagan creed during the first ages of Christianity, they could not suppose that the populace could ever comprehend an exposition so refined, not to say so fanciful. They guarded, therefore, against the corruption and abuses of the religion of nature by the entire abolition of the priestly order, and in the principle that every man should be his own priest they believed they had found the necessary security.—*Lothair. By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.*

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

THE regulations for the Wimbledon meeting of 1870, which will commence on the 11th of July, have just been issued by the Council of the National Rifle Association. They state that there will be six distances for individual shooting—200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards—and one for volley firing, 400 yards. The size of the targets will be as follows:—At 200 yards, 6ft. by 4ft.; at 500 and 600 yards, 6ft. square; at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, 6ft. by 12ft.; and for volley firing at 400 yards, 6ft. by 12ft. In competition for individual firing the size of the bull's-eyes and centres will be—at 200 yards, bull's eye, 8in. square; centre, 2ft.; at 500 and 600 yards, bull's eye, 2ft. square; centre, 4ft.; at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, bull's eye, 3ft. square; centre, 6ft.; at 400 yards (for volley firing), bull's eye 2ft. wide across the target; centre, 1ft. above and below bull's eye; outer, remainder of the target. In all cases bull's eyes will count as 4; centre 3; and others, 2. The marking when signalled is not to be questioned, but the regulations set forth that should the officer in charge of a firing party receive reasonable evidence that a shot has struck the target "and has not in any way been marked," he will signal to the non-commissioned officer in the butt to examine the target. The result of such examination as signalled by the non-commissioned officer is to be final. In volley and breech-loading competitions, when the number of hits counted on the target exceeds the number of shots fired, the value of one centre for every hit in excess of the number of shots will be deducted from the total score.

The rifles to be used are the Government Enfield, with the usual minimum pull of trigger of 6lb. in Class I., "any rifle" in Class II., minimum pull of trigger of 6lb.; and in Class III., military breech-loaders with military sights. In all competitions restricted to Volunteers and Enfield All-comers none but the ammunition issued from the National Rifle Association magazine is to be used. In All-comers "any rifle" contests, unless otherwise specified, any ammunition may be used. Respecting position, Volunteer prizes shall be shot for 200 yards off the shoulder, at 500 and 600 yards from the knee, or from the shoulder standing, and beyond 600 yards in any position. In connection with the Volunteer contests, however, it is stated that no objection will be made in standing position against the elbow resting against the body, provided that the little finger of the left hand is in front of the projection in front of the lock plate. Provided the regulation position is maintained, there will be no objection either to the position of the fingers of the right hand. In All-comers' contests the shooting, unless otherwise specified, shall be in any position, and the same as regards sighting shots, two of which will be allowed to every competitor at each distance.

Ties will be decided as follows:—Individual shooting.—1. In the Second Stage, Queen's, by the aggregate scores made in the first stage; if still a tie, by firing five shots at 1,000 yards until the tie is decided. 2. In competitions where but one prize is given, the tie will be shot off round for round; should there be more than one distance in the contest, the tie will be shot off at the longest range. 3. In other contests than those specified above when the firing shall be at more than one distance, —a., by the score made at the longest distance in the contest, and if still a tie, and there be three distances in the contest, by the score at the second distance; b., if still a tie, by the fewest outer; c., if still a tie, by the inverse order of shots counting by twos from the last shot to the first; d., if still a tie, by inverse order of shots, counting singly from the last to the first; e., by the fewest

misses; f., if still a tie, by firing single shots at a carton target. 4. When firing at one distance only,—a., by the fewest outer; b., if still a tie, by the inverse order of shots counting by twos from the last shot to the first; c., if still a tie, by the inverse order of shots, counting singly from the last shot to the first; d., by the fewest misses; e., if still a tie, by firing single shots at a carton target. In firing off ties a carton shall be taken as beating a bull's eye. In matches ties will be decided.—a., by the aggregate scores made at the longest distance in the contest, by the fewest outer, by the competitors who have made the highest score on each side firing five shots at the longest distance in the contest. One sighting shot will be allowed before shooting off ties.

HELP YOURSELF.

FIGHT your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favours of anyone, and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence or patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will ever be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but, carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had a thousand pounds given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well-earned two and sixpence. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, or for money, or for anything else, work with your own hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

As for women, this applies to them as well. A woman who fights her own way upward always succeeds. Begin by saying, "I'm as good as anybody, if not a little better." Don't say it aloud, but act it. You can teach a school, or start a manufactory or a little shop, or paint or scribble, and live by it as well as the best man, if only you know your forte and do not pitch upon the very thing you have no genius for. Shut up your troubles and your embarrassments in your own heart. Ask no man to help you because you are a woman—all the same good men often will, out of the kindness of their hearts—and such aid, unmasked for, can harm no one; and your first success, achieved by your own hands, will be so sweet that you shall hardly have words in which to speak of it.

Ask help of Heaven and often—you will be heard; but of man as seldom as you can. I never saw the words, "She helped herself," written on a woman's tombstone by way of eulogy. But I should like to have it truthfully engraved upon mine at least. I should like to deserve it.

M. K. D.

THE CAMPHOR-TREE OF SUMATRA.

To the most luxuriant and valuable kind of trees in the island of Sumatra belongs in the first place the *Dryobalanops Camphora*. This is abundantly met with on the west coast, to the north of Ayer Bangie, chiefly in the extensive bush of the Battalands, but seldom in places more than a thousand feet above the sea level; and although it is often found on dry, and not marshy places near the sea-coast, it attains its utmost growth at heights from 250 to 400 feet. The tree is straight, extraordinarily tall, and has a gigantic crown, which often over-tops the other wooden giants by 100 feet or so. The stem is sometimes 20 feet thick. According to the natives there are three kinds of camphor-tree, which they name *mailanguan*, *marbin tungan*, and *marbin targan*, from the outward colour of the bark, which is sometimes yellow, sometimes black, and is often red. The bark is rough and grooved, and is overgrown with moss. The leaves are of a dark green, oblong oval in shape, and pointed; they smell of camphor, and are besides hard and tough. The outward form of the fruit is very like that of the acorn, but it has around it five petals; these are placed somewhat apart from each other, and the whole much resembles in form a lily. The fruit is also impregnated with camphor, and is eaten by the natives when it is well ripened and fresh.

The amazing height of the trees hinders the regular gathering, but when the tree yields its fruit, which takes place in March, April, and May, the population go to collect it, which they speedily effect, as, if the fruit be allowed to remain four days

on the ground, it sends forth a root of about the length of a finger, and becomes unfit to be eaten. Amongst other things, this fruit, prepared with sugar, furnishes a tasty comfit, or article of confectionery. It is said that it is very unhealthy to remain near the camphor-tree during the flowering season, because of the extraordinary hot exhalations from it during that period. The camphor which the tree yields is generally known as Baros camphor, and outdoes by far in purity the Japanese product. This was acknowledged as far back as the sixteenth century, and 100 guilders per catty was paid for it, while a like quantity of Japanese camphor was worth only fifteen guilders.

The gathering is made in Sumatra in the old fashion, and in a very unsatisfactory way. The natives have no means whatever of estimating the quantity of camphor in a given full-grown tree. Consequently everything is left to blind chance, although the greater the age of the tree the more camphor it contains; but it is just the age of the tree which the natives are uncertain about. Usually, the order of the Rajah is given for a certain number of men, say thirty, to gather camphor in the bush belonging to the territory which he claims as his. The men appointed then seek for a place where many trees grow together; there they construct rude huts, and sometimes remain there for months. When the encampment has been formed they forthwith set to work. The company is now divided into two parties, of which one occupies itself with felling the trees, and the other with gathering the camphor, which is found in hollows, or crevices in the body of the tree, and, above all, in the knots and swellings of branches from the trunk, become visible in the form of granules or grains.

The quantity of camphor yielded by a single tree seldom amounts to more than half a pound, and if we take into account the great and long-continued labour requisite in gathering it, we have the natural reply to the question why it fetches so high a price. The well-known camphor oil is of very little worth and no tree is felled to obtain it. At the same time that the camphor is gathered—that is, during the cutting down of the tree—the oil, which then drips from the cuttings, is caught in considerable quantity. It is seldom brought to market, because probably the price and the trouble of carriage are not sufficiently remunerative. Whenever the oil is offered for sale at Baros, the usual price is one guilder for an ordinary quart wine-bottle full. The production of Baros camphor lessens yearly; and profitable operations of former times, say in the year 1753, when fully 1,250lb. were sent from Padang to Batavia, will never return. Since time out of mind, the beautiful clumps and clusters of camphor-trees have been destroyed in a ruthless manner; young and old were felled, and as no planting or means of renewal has taken place but the growth of the trees has been left to nature, it is not improbable that this noble species of tree will ere long wholly disappear from Sumatra. Consequently, we have occasionally inquired whether the Government cannot do something on behalf of camphor production and trade by causing plantations to be formed of the camphor-producing trees, such as is done in Java regarding the forests of jattie (teak).

THE will of the late George Peabody was admitted to probate on the 13th of April, in Essex county, Massachusetts. It appears that he left only about 150,000 dollars, the whole of which is bequeathed to his relatives.

A LARGE "joss," or idol has been sent home from China by Admiral Keppel, as a present for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and has arrived at Sandringham. The figure weighs about 30 cwt., being made of metal. It is not of great height, but of massive proportions. The ornaments are elaborate, and the whole details of the figure are distinguished by painstaking minuteness.

LIFE TOO SHORT, YET WASTED.—Pliny makes a striking computation in regard to the shortness of life. I never recall it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, "the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor the many diseases and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The senses grow dull, the limbs are racked, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth also, die before us; and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life." But, short as life is at the best, those who complain of its brevity let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden moments. How much time do we waste in indecision, in vain regrets, delusive hopes, and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our precious existence is wasted in mere waiting!—"waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour."



STONIO.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"YOUR grace is marvellously pale," said the chamberlain, staring again at the prince from under his beetling white eyebrows.

"Who is not, when the king may be in danger? No doubt you grew pale when you saw Torsa."

"Ha! no doubt I did, your grace," replied the old man, wagging his head. "It is no joke, by St. Jago, to be tapped on the shoulder by Torsa, the chief torturer. God bless us all!"

"Well, you ran away like a deer. What then?"

"Like a very old deer, my lord. Time was when no lad in Lisbon, unless it was Sanlez de Roma, the son of Alpha de Kema, who was the chief gardener of—"

"Come, I cannot await an ancient history of antediluvians. You fled from Torsa. What then?"

"My lord, I did say that I did betake myself, mind you, to my heels."

"Aye?"

"But I fell flat upon my face in a second. I am, so to say, oldish, though not old; a man is not old, so to speak, until he is at least a hundred and ten, as my great—great—"

"Well, well! Speak of Torsa."

"Oh! He lifted me up with a twist of his hand. I would I could show your grace the bruise he made—"

"Go on. He lifted you up?"

"Aye, my lord; and with an oath that came near taking my head off, cried:

"Show me to the king! Show me to the king! I have a message for him from the pope!" and I did notice, even in my alarm, that he held in his left hand a missive, a letter, with a great seal attached. Now few in my peculiar situation, your grace—"

"Go on, go on! You led Torsa to the king?"

"That did I not, my lord; for as I began to parley with him in my peculiar style—somewhat after this manner, your grace:

"Ha! wouldst see his majesty?" "That would I," said he. "Did I understand thee to remark," said I, slowly, and with my peculiar dignity, "that thou wouldst see the king?" "Aye!" said he. I quote all as it was. "Perhaps I did not hear aright," said I, with a gesture like this—"Perhaps I did not hear aright, good Torsa. Was it not that thou wouldst see the royal José?" And thereupon he gave me a twist—I would I could show your grace how it was done—that spun me round like a top, and when I ceased to spin like a top, St. Jago! Torsa had vanished."

[SILVA'S WAKING.]

"Your sword, my lord," said an officer of the king's body-guard, just then coming from an apartment near. "His majesty commands the immediate arrest of your highness."

"Ha! upon what charge, General Volvas?" demanded the prince.

"His majesty will doubtless tell your grace in person, my lord. I am to conduct you to the king's presence."

"Very well. Here is my sword. I attend you, sir; I am eager to see the king."

Left alone, the old chamberlain stared about him in dismay, leaning near an open door, and shaking his head.

Some one tapped him on the shoulder. He turned his head slowly, and then bounded from the door with a sharp "God save me!" for there was Torsa again.

"I have seen the king," said Torsa.

"Aye! I warrant."

"I gave him the message from his holiness."

"Aye. No doubt."

"And Prince Enrique is arrested as the head, heart, and heel of the great conspiracy."

"Aye. I did see him arrested."

"And thou art an old fool," said Torsa, with a grin, and going away rapidly.

"Thou are a very limb of the evil one," muttered the old chamberlain, crossing himself and gazing after Torsa. "But why is he in a livery of white and blue, gold and silver, with a badge like that? That is not the uniform of the chief torturer. All this passeth my understanding, as something of which I know nothing."

With this sage reflection, and wagging his long white beard, the old chamberlain hobbled away.

It is necessary now to return to the astronomer, and to go back to the time when Torsa, having hurried from the shattered carriage, after hearing the recital of Petro, arrived at the house of the astronomer and was met at the door by Torsetta, who was waiting for him impatiently.

"Hast returned? It is time—"

"Run, Torsetta—run, and see if I may have an immediate interview with our master."

"My faith!" replied Torsetta, dragging her husband with her, rather than leading him. "Our master has thrice sounded the gong—he desires to see thee."

"Thrice? Then he must be very impatient."

"We have not known him long, Torsa, but he is not one to become impatient."

"But three times, Torsetta," said Torsa, as his wife, clinging to his arm, led him to the upper part of the house.

"Oh, the first time he wanted the six Italians,

those surly, silent fellows who came with him to Lisbon. They went up. The second time he wanted me, and I ascended to the—What dost thou call that lofty room?"

"The observatory."

"True. To the observatory. 'Where is Torsa?' he said. Then told I our master that which we had overheard in the alley, and of the plot against Senor Miguel. Whereat he seemed disturbed, for he frowned, and said aloud, 'Ah, that young man is all evil'—no doubt meaning the prince. Then I told him that thou wouldest overtake the carriage and warn Senor Miguel and Lady Hilda. Whereupon he seemed greatly pleased, though I did think he gazed pityingly upon me."

"Pityingly upon thee, Torsetta!"

"Ay—I am sure he did. 'Go,' he said to me, 'and when Torsa returns come with him to me.' I came down alarmed."

"Alarmed!"

"Yes. I feared he desired to put thee to work at thy old calling."

"Ha! What?"

"Torturing."

"Then leave I his service," said Torsa, "for I will torture no more. But why didst thou tell this?"

"In the observatory, in a great iron chair, was a man bound hand and foot—"

"Oh!"

"And in the room were the six silent Italians, ranged behind the man in the iron chair, with grave, stern faces. Oh, it was dreadfully like some of the scenes of which thou hast told me. And the man was known to me."

"Ah?"

"Yes. It was Silva, the confectioner."

"Ho! the man we both hate, without knowing why we hate him?"

"The same. Thou knowest, Torsa, we have always shuddered when we saw him, as if just treading upon a serpent."

"True, and knew not why. But here we are at the foot of the stairs leading to the observatory."

"Well, go up; I follow. I have no more to say. The third time the gong sounded it was for thee and me, if thou hadst returned."

And here Torsetta tapped at the door of the observatory.

"Enter," said a deep and commanding voice, which Torsa and his wife instantly obeyed.

In the great iron chair still slept Silva, bound hand and foot. Behind him stood six dark and powerful Italians in the livery of the astronomer, silent and grave-faced men, with much of subdued fierceness on their features.

"Speak, Torsa," said the astronomer. "Tell me of Lady Hilda and Señor Miguel."

Torsa rapidly narrated all that he knew and all that he had gathered from the recital of Petro.

The astronomer listened with a strange, excited eagerness, when Torsa spoke of the three old men. "Art sure of those names?" he demanded, with flashing eyes. "Repeat them."

"Carlos, Sanz, and Pietro."

"Go on."

"There is little more to tell, my master. Prince Enrique has no doubt begun a search for Lady Hilda; indeed I did not remain to be questioned by him. I saw Don Alva steal away."

"No doubt to find Count Pedro," thought the astronomer. "To tell him that three of the old servitors of the outlawed Villotas are in Lisbon—the three to whom my poor old father confided my infant brother Fernando—Carlos, Sanz, and Pietro. So, my suspicions are proved true. The stone-cutter is my brother! It must be so. My heart leaped to him as I marked his marvellous resemblance to our family, especially to poor Gomez. Perhaps I should not have entangled myself in his escape but for this resemblance. Great heaven! It seemed as if the dead had risen from the grave. It could not be mere chance, mere coincidence. The story told by this wretch Silva; the marvellous resemblance to our family; the presence of three old men aiding him—three old men named Carlos, Sanz, and Pietro; the stealing away of Diego Alva from the shattered carriage—he! he shares this belief with me! He has gone to warn Count Pedro that this stone-cutter is a Villota. Can he have recognised me? It will be best to believe that he has, and act accordingly. I would I knew whether the stone-cutter and his friends are fleeing. From Lisbon, no doubt. How? Have they friends? Who? I have learned that several of the Villota retainers still live in Lisbon, but it is not in Lisbon that the stone-cutter can remain concealed. Every house will be searched. This also, unless I prevent it. I have learned that two of our old servitors, Galvez and his wife, live in the old ruined monastery of St. Stephen. Carlos and those with him may seek safety and temporary concealment there."

He arose and ascended the ladder to the platform above.

It was raining heavily, but directing the powerful telescope towards the river, he swept the water with his scrutiny.

Great banks of fog sometimes baffled him, but these occasionally lifting at length enabled him to see, though but for a few moments, the boat containing the fugitives.

"There are five persons in that boat," he mused. "One is a woman. It is doubtless they—Carlos, Sanz, Pietro, Lady Hilda, and he whom I believe to be my brother. There are three boats in pursuit! But there is an immense mass of fog sweeping down the Tagus. It is between them and the monastery. I can see nothing of the monastery, though it is not many miles distant. If they can be buried in the fog ere their pursuers overtake them they may escape. Ah! a great mass of fog is now between me and the river. I can see nothing, not even the river. What was that? A cannon shot. It was fired from one of the quays. I must send a messenger to the quays in that quarter of the city at once. I need not remain here. The fog swallows up all."

Descending the ladder he said to Torsa:

"I must defer that which I intend to tell you for a moment, Torsa."

And then to one of the Italians:

"Vitto, find Andrez, and send him instantly to the quay at the head of the Street of Tears. Let him learn what the new excitement may be about, and hurry back with his report."

The Italian bowed and left the room.

"Torsa and Torsetta," said the astronomer, "would you see the man who stole your child?"

At this sudden and unexpected question Torsa and Torsetta uttered two cries forming one.

"Master," replied Torsa, while his dark, gloomy face glowed with some fierce inward fire, "to see him only would madden me."

"Ah, but to see him and to have him in your power, Torsa!"

The powerful, broad frame of the ex-torturer quivered, his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated. He did not reply. If his harshly compressed lips had been allowed to part for an instant he would have howled. He would have roared like a lion over his prey.

"And you, Torsetta?"

The woman, whose dark, sad face had once been a passionate, handsome face, was livid and rigid. All colour had fled from her cheeks. She was as pale as a corpse. Only her large dark eyes, deep and sunken from years of ceaseless grief, blazed like red-hot coals. She did not reply. She extended her hand to Torsa. He grasped it, and both crouching, bending forward, rigid and compacted,

fixed their gaze upon the calm, majestic face of the astronomer.

"Ah! I see. You would have no mercy. You, Torsa, have ceased to be a torturer. You resigned your office to enter my service. I promised to try to learn the fate of your son. I have learned it."

"Ah!" hissed from the rigid lips of Torsa.

"Oh, my soul!" quivered the pale mouth of Torsetta.

"Heaven have mercy upon your hearts, poor people," continued the astronomer. "Your child is dead."

A deep groan from Torsa. A sharp cry from Torsetta, and then their chins sank to their breasts. As with one voice they sighed one word:

"Dead!"

"Has been dead twenty-five years."

"Twenty-five years!" echoed Torsetta, staring at vacancy.

"Oh, I had made up my mind to that," gasped Torsa, striving to be callous and bold. "I always said so, Torsetta."

And with this he threw his hands over his head, clasped them in an agony of grief, raised his face towards heaven and howled out a bitter, furious, fearful malediction.

Torsetta sank upon her knees, her face, sad and tearful, quivering, streaming, writhing, her hands clasped.

The five Italians, grave and silent still, turned their eyes away from this fearful parental misery.

"So says this man!" exclaimed the astronomer, striking his hand heavily upon the shoulder of the sleeping Silva.

But Silva did not awake. The astronomer did not desire to wake him then.

"So says this man, but I believe he lies!"

"Oh great queen of heaven!" cried Torsetta, springing to her feet. "Oh, master, who is he?"

"The man who stole your child! The man who struck you in your breast, Torsetta, as you tried to rescue your child from him. This is Lorenzo Ruizburg!"

Silva, under the power of the draught he had swallowed, slept on. A cannon discharged at his ear might have deafened him, but it would not have awoken him.

Torsa and Torsetta, grasping each other's hands, bent forward and glared at the sleeping villain. All that had been human in their faces had fled. Their eyes, their faces, had become the eyes and faces of two wild beasts. But for the presence of the astronomer they would have leaped upon Silva and torn his flesh from his bones.

"Ah! had I known this yesterday morning!" growled Torsa, showing his strong white teeth in a grin of rage and rapacious hate. "Oh! I passed by his shop yesterday morning. I could have strangled him as easily as I lifted my foot! Ah! if I had only suspected it!"

"Or I," hissed Torsetta, all that was woman in her heart changed to tigress. "Two days ago I passed him in the street. Why did my soul not say to me, 'Behold the man who stole thy babe?' I could have strangled him!"

"Yes! Why did we not know him?" cried Torsa; and he and his wife—two wild beasts would have been no fiercer—glared at the sleeping robber, quivered in every muscle, showed their teeth, and thrusting their open hands towards him, grappled the air fiercely. Their writhings, curving, restless, eager fingers looked like the claws of two ferocious leopards, or the talons of two rapacious birds of prey.

The astronomer eyed them calmly. Had they sprang like cougars upon the sleeping man, a single glance from the astronomer would have hurled the five stalwart Italians between them and Silva.

"Patience, Torsa and Torsetta, he shall be yours."

"Thanks, my master! Thanks!" cried Torsa. "I shall tear him to pieces as a cat tears a bird! Once mine, he shall not live an instant!"

"Once mine," said Torsetta, "I shall beat his head to pieces with the heel of my shoe! He shall hardly know what strikes him, I shall strike so fast and so hard!"

"And you two were once gentle shepherds," said the astronomer.

"Now we are two ravening wolves," replied Torsa, in a frenzy of rage. "He made us so."

"Patience. He shall be yours to punish. He has confessed to me that he stole your babe, and that he strangled it."

Torsa and Torsetta sent forth two fearful cries. That of Torsa was a howl. That of Torsetta was a shriek. This howl and this shriek uniting, formed a most fearful roar. The five Italians grew pale, and exchanged glances of warning. As one man they drew their swords, sprang forward, and formed a living rampart of glittering, bristling steel around the sleeping man.

Barely in time to save him. The points of the five swords touched the broad breast of Torsa, and his intended leap remained unsprung.

"He is not yet yours," said the astronomer, coldly. "Patience. He shall be yours. I shall give him up to you, for two reasons. First, that he shall be punished for his crimes against me and mine. Second, that you may wrench a secret from him. I was not born to be a torturer. My heart and hand nearly failed me as I learned from him what I did by torturing him. If I had permitted, you, in your blind rage and thirst for revenge, would have killed him in an instant. Simpletons! In that sleep he can feel no pain."

"Oh, he must feel pain, Torsetta."

"Yes—horrible pain, Torsa."

"But you have sworn never to torture a living thing again," said the astronomer.

"Ha! I did not then know that the murderer of my child still lived," roared Torsa, his eyes glaring with rage.

"It is well. He has not told me all. He has yet a secret. He is obstinate, bold, desperate, vindictive. Perhaps I could torture that secret from him, perhaps not. My heart might fail me. I shall leave the task to you. His eye wavered when he told me that the babe he stole was strangled. I saw that there was something kept back. He knows more. If he does not know, he suspects. Be in no haste to seal his lips with the silence of sudden death——"

"Trust us!" cried Torsa. "Ho, Torsetta! may our noble master not trust us now, that this man shall not speedily die?"

"He will, after a time, offer to give up his secret, if he has one, on condition that you give him life and liberty."

"And then, my master?"

"It is not for me to command you to keep faith with him," replied the astronomer, frowning, and thinking of Gomez Villota in the flames.

Torsa shouted with joy.

"But the nature of the secret, my master?"

"There was certainly a strangled babe, and I believe the babe was yours, Torsa. But the babe, when I saw it, may not have been dead."

"Oh, my heart! my heart!"

"I shall never forget my agony, Torsa, when I saw that babe," continued the astronomer, as his calm eyes grew lustrous with the soft light of deep grief. "I thought the babe my infant brother. This wretch has avowed that the babe was not my brother, but the child of a shepherd who lived fifty-six miles from Lisbon. Yours!"

"Patience!" gasped both the parents.

"The babe was in my presence but a moment. As the little abused body was borne away, I thought—one of its tiny feet quivered——"

"Oh!" screamed Torsetta, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the fearful sight; only a mother's heart could conjure up in all its horror.

Torsa groaned, and a tear leaped from his eye-lash to his swarthy cheek like a living thing.

"Poor hearts!" said the astronomer. "Whatever of evil there is in you was engendered by this base and cruel wretch. I can only forgive you and pity you. I can give you but the shadow of a hope. This man said the babe was dead. Perhaps he lied."

"That we shall discover, my master," exclaimed Torsa.

"Oh, if our babe lives, and this man discovers him to us," cried Torsetta, clasping her hands, "I will spare his life, I will set him free!"

"And you, Torsa?"

"Is it a condition, my master?" gasped Torsa.

"Not from me!" exclaimed the astronomer, suddenly convulsed with bitter emotions. "When I remember all that this wretch has done against me and mine, and know that he would as readily do it all again and again, I am tempted to devote the remainder of my life to his punishment."

"I remember what I was and what she was," said Torsa, taking the hand of his wife in his with a tenderness most strange in one so warped from all that was tender and gentle, "and consider what I am and what she is, and how we became thus, my master; the restoration of my child creates no mercy for this man in my heart."

"Right, Torsa. He shall be yours. Sheathe your swords, Italians. So. Now can you readily raise the man, chair and all? It is well. Follow me with him."

Down the stairs to the floor below, thence along a hall to another flight of stairs, down this flight to another hall, along this hall and into a small apartment in a remote part of the great house, the unconscious Silva was conveyed, without the knowledge of others of the household than those who bore him.

"Do you wish him to awake, Torsa?"

"Aye, my master," replied Torsa, with fierce joy in every feature.

"Not in my presence, Torsa. He would hope to move me with his prayers for mercy. He can hope nothing in recognising you. When you and Torsetta are alone with him, pour the contents of this

phial into his throat. He will thereafter soon awake. Remember; he is not to die to-day."

"Oh," cried Torsa, grasping the phial eagerly, "never fear that he will get more than he can endure, my master. I am Torsa. I understand these things. I have had twenty years' practice. But for him I should never have learned how to torture a man."

The astronomer shuddered; made a gesture to the Italians. They bowed and left the room. One placed himself in the hall near the door.

The astronomer glanced at the sleeping man, then at the fierce eyes of Torsa, closed the door and departed, followed closely by the four Italians.

Silva was now alone, left to the mercy of Torsa and Torsetta.

"Come," said Torsa, uncorking the phial with his teeth, and darting a glance of flame at Silva, "I am going to wake him up."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"BEND his head back, Torsetta, so that the stuff may not be wasted," said Torsa.

"His head is ready," replied Torsetta, as she grasped the head of Silva with both hands, twisting it and his neck so that the mouth was forced open, the chin downward, the face upward. "He is ready, Torsa."

Her face was no longer the face of a woman. Her features were those of an avenger, an executioner—hard, pale, rigid, marble-like, inexorable.

She believed she held open the mouth of the man who had robbed her of her child; who had strangled that child; and she hoped the sleeping ruffian's brain might hold a secret which, if told, might restore her child to her arms.

"Steady!" said Torsa. "You tremble. You will cause me to waste some of this precious liquid."

The ex-torturer held the tiny phial between his enormous thumb and forefinger, as a surgeon holds a lancet with which he is about to open a vein.

"What is it?"

"How should I know? I know everything about the racks, the boots, the wedges, the pulleys, the death-press, the funnel, the weights, the everything you may find in the torture chamber of the Inquisition; but I know nothing of phials! I am Torsa. Hold the man steady! Why do you tremble? Do you fear he will suddenly awake and snap at your fingers with his teeth?"

"Oh, I do not fear him. I was thinking, what if the liquid kills him?"

"Oh!" said Torsa, drew back his hand. "Did not our master say it would not kill him; that it would wake him up? You are foolish, Torsetta."

"True. I am foolish. There; my hands are steady now."

"Good! Now then!" and with a hand as firm as iron Torsa inverted the phial into the gaping mouth of Silva.

The liquid, oily, pungent, greenish, and volatile, glided over his tongue into his throat.

Torsa retired a pace, bent forward, leaning his weight upon his hands, which he supported on his bent knees, thus bringing his face, thrust eagerly forward, within two feet of the face of Silva.

Torsetta released her hands from their grasp upon Silva's head, and, placing herself by Torsa's side, imitated the posture of the latter exactly.

Thus, with knees bent forward, hands on the knees, heads thrust out, these two—man and woman, husband and wife, a father and a mother—with faces fearful, gazed eagerly to see awake the face of the wretch who had robbed them of their child twenty-five years before.

Silva awoke slowly from the deep lethargy into which he had been plunged by the astronomer.

First a shiver crept over his frame; then he sighed heavily; then his limbs contorted with swelling muscles, as if he wished to change their position. His bonds held him fast. Then he moved his head to and fro; his mouth closed; he nodded; he sneezed furiously; he opened his eyes; he was awake!

Awake, staring, bewildered but for an instant. With a yell of terror he recognised Torsa and Torsetta!

Two dread, fierce, merciless faces close to his. He rolled his eyes in every direction. He strove in vain to find others in the room—a room like a dungeon, with one small grated window, through which crept the dismal light of a dismal day; a flaring lamp blazing somewhere, and lighting up these two awful faces upon which were expressed two words:

"We avenge!"

The lamp was upon a bracket behind the iron chair in which Silva was bound.

"You are alone with us," said Torsa, interpreting rightly the thought of the wretched confectioner. "You are alone with Torsa and Torsetta!"

"He has told you?" questioned the wretched man, who seemed petrified by terror.

"Who?"

"The duke!"

"I know of no duke who has told us aught."

"The astronomer! the wizard! Señor Demetrios! He has told you?"

"What?"

"Of the child?"

"Whose?"

"Yours—that is, of the shepherd near Leguna."

"Our master has told us."

Another yell, a shriek from Silva.

"Mercy! mercy! It was so long ago—so long ago!"

"Yes, long ago," repeated Torsa. "A thousand years to me, but I have not forgotten."

"But as yesterday to me," said Torsetta, "and will ever be."

"Mercy! It was but a babe!"

"Our babe!" cried Torsa and Torsetta, with one voice; and with one impulse four hands were in the hair, the beard, and at the throat of Silva.

This terrible death which seemed about to be his, a death by fragments, by inches, by shreds, by finger-nails, appalled Silva.

He closed his eyes and roared. He roared but one word, and he roared it until he was hoarse. This word, which availed him nothing, was—"Mercy!"

"What are you going to do with me?" gasped Silva.

"To let you live."

"Oh thanks! thanks! Good people, thanks! You are going to let me live!"

"Yes—for days, for weeks, for a year—to be tortured."

"To be tortured! Oh!"

"We can see only our strangled Pepino."

"Oh! I think he was not strangled to death!"

"You think? It is not enough. You must know. I am going to begin again," said Torsa.

Then passed a dreadful scene, which we will not detail. It lasted nearly an hour. During all that time the dark-faced Italian, who stood in the hall as a sentinel, and who could see nothing that was taking place in that dungeon-like room, and who could hear but a confusion of fearful sounds, shuddered and muttered prayers.

At the end of that time the astronomer again appeared, in the robes of a cardinal, followed by three of his Italian guards.

With a gesture to his followers, which caused them to halt, he tapped at the door of the room in which he had left Silva, saying:

"Come forth Torsa and Torsetta."

The door was instantly opened. He did not look in; nor shall we. He averted his face from the dreadful sight in the iron chair; so do we, with a shudder.

He stepped back into the middle of the hall, and immediately after came forth Torsa and Torsetta.

There was a glow in their dark, terrible eyes different from the red glow of rage. It was the glow of hope, of triumph.

"He lives, Torsa!"

"Oh, yes; he breathes, my master. He will revive. He is very far from being dead. He has confessed. My lord, I beg pardon. He told me you were a duke."

"Forget that."

"I will, since your eminence commands. Am I speaking to a prince of the church, my master?" asked Torsa, staring at the cardinal's insignia.

"So you and all in Lisbon are to believe. That is my affair. When you see me in this garb I am Cardinal Braganza of Rome."

"I am the servant of your eminence."

"It is well. Now of the man in there."

"He had a secret, my lord. He believes our Pepino was not dead when he saw him last."

"He only believes?"

"But there is one who knows."

"Ah?"

"Diego Alva!"

"So! Diego Alva knows?"

"Yes, my lord. At least this wretch is sure that Don Alva knows, and, perhaps, another."

"Another?"

"Count Pedro—though Silva doubts that."

"So do I. Diego Alva may know—in truth, I have no doubt he does. But Count Pedro—yet Diego Alva may have told him. Well?"

"Silva believes our Pepino is still alive—a sailor."

"A sailor?"

"Or in some way employed at sea—in the royal navy."

"Well? Has he long believed or suspected this?"

"No, my lord. Very recently, in fact within a week. Silva found a scrap of paper in the marble-yards d' Uloa the other day—a leaf of memorandum."

"Ah?"

"In the handwriting of Diego Alva. Among other things, these words: 'See that the son of Torsa is dispatched upon distant naval service.' That was all."

"It is enough. The memorandum was dated?"

"Eight days ago, my lord."

"Then your son, if he be alive, may still be in Lisbon."

Torsa and Torsetta trembled with hope and joy, their eyes fixed upon the calm, majestic face of the astronomer.

"Diego Alva must be in your power, as Silva is."

"Oh would that he were, my lord. But Diego Alva is a fox in cunning, and has many friends. Two very powerful friends: Count Pedro and Prince Enrique."

"The latter will soon be here. Come, be patient. We may yet have Diego Alva in an iron-chair."

"Oh, then he and Silva can console each other."

"Yes. Now do you and Torsetta come with me. Look that door. Retain the key. We are to meet Prince Enrique."

All then left the hall, and not long after, that interview which has been related took place between the prince and the astronomer in the robes of a cardinal.

The prince, as has been told, left the astronomer, had a long interview with Don Alva and Count Pedro, and was suddenly arrested in the royal palace.

The same misfortune befel Diego Alva soon after his return from an interview with the secretary of the Holy Tribunal. He was arrested as he returned to the royal palace eager to say to the prince, "The decree and sentence remain in full force against Stephano Villota."

The same misfortune soon after befel Count Pedro, as he sat devouring an enormous meal.

The note delivered by Torsa to the king had been sent in haste immediately after the return of the woman Estella Le Monte to the astronomer's house from her brief interview with her brother, the trooper Paulo, in which she gave him the discarded garb of the outlawed stone-cutter.

While she was absent upon that expedition the astronomer had discovered the theft of the clothes, and traced the thief to the absent Estella.

On her return she was seized by three of the Italians, gagged, bound and confined in a secure and secluded apartment.

"This woman has ruined all my plans," thought the astronomer. "She is a spy. I cannot tell how much she has seen, how much she suspects, nor how much she has told. I only know that she has learned enough, and doubtless told enough, to involve me seriously with the civil and military authorities of Portugal. Besides, Silva recognised me, and of course Diego Alva may have done the same. If he has not recognised me, there is no one else to fear. Count Pedro, uninformed, could never recognise me. But Alva may have recognised me, and of course he will tell Count Pedro—at least, his suspicions. But for this fear I could easily play the rôle of a cardinal for a few days—the short time I intended to remain in Portugal—and so aid Lady Hilda and baffle the ambition and avarice of Prince Enrique and Count Pedro, while, in the character of a cardinal and papal ambassador, I obtained a reversal of the decrees against the Villotas. But that I believe this stone-cutter to be my brother, I would care nothing for the reversal of the decrees. I am advanced in years; I care nothing for titles; I had dismissed all thoughts of vengeance upon the enemies of my house—I know Heaven is soon to avenge me. Of that I am as sure as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow. It will be easy enough for me to pass myself off as a cardinal for a few days."

"His holiness is my warm friend; knows that I am Stephano Villota; has often urged me to seek for a reversal of these Portuguese decrees, and promised his aid as head of the Church. I am, in truth, armed with letters from him recommending me to King José as a man of science—no more. He warned me of the perils of venturing into Portugal—perils better known to me than any other man. I feared nothing. I intended to remain but a few days, and to live secluded. I little thought the wizard I detested in Rome preceded me to Lisbon. The youth, beauty, purity, and despair of Lady Hilda, and especially her being of my kindred, though remotely, led me to pledge her my aid. I should simply have permitted the stone-cutter to escape from my house, had I not discovered that Lady Hilda was profoundly interested in him; and then noticed his marvelous resemblance to poor Gomez. Then comes the wretch Silva, who recognises me, and whom I am forced to secure. Then follow his remarkable confessions. I become convinced that the stone-cutter is my brother Fernando. Then I learn through Torsa that Prince Enrique will probably seek for Lady Hilda in my house. To prevent a search, which would release Silva, I assume the only rank that can awe the prince and the authorities—the rank of a cardinal, the sanctity of a papal ambassador. In this I suc-

ceed. An immediate search of my house is prevented. Then the woman Estolla, a spy, finding the garb of the outlawed stone-cutter, discovers the fact. It will reach the ears of the king very speedily. An explanation will be demanded, and perhaps a search. All this I could readily meet and defy, if Diego Alva has not recognised me, and thought of denouncing me to the Holy Tribunal and the royal authorities. As it is, I must give the royal mind something to think about, and then prepare for instant flight from Lisbon—aye, from Portugal."

A LOVER'S RUSE.

"LILLIAN, I have news here which concerns you," said Douglass Moreland, coming into the apartment where his daughter sat one day in early spring. The gentleman held an open letter in his hand, which he had evidently just received. He advanced to the open hearth, whereon burned a glowing fire, saying, as he did so: "Tis from my ward, Archibald Chaldwell, and I will read a portion of it to you;" and, adjusting his gold-bowed glasses to his eyes, and giving a preliminary 'hem,' he proceeded to give the following:—

"And now, my dear guardian and father, I must close by saying a few words in regard to my future hopes and plans, which I hope to put into execution after I shall again have reached Moreland.

"I well know what my dear father's and your own wishes were concerning a union between Lillian and myself, and I find that in the long years in which I have been absent from Moreland visions of a sweet, young girlish face have ever come before me to usurp any other fancy which might have arisen within my heart. In truth, my dear guardian, I long to return again to you and yours; and I shall most earnestly and faithfully endeavour to carry out the wishes which have been expressed for this union. It is now nearly eight years since I have seen Lillian, and she must be fully eighteen years of age, and I imagine she has grown into a beautiful young lady. But I hope she will not have followed the example of many of her sex, and already fallen, or fancied she has fallen in love, but that she will, like a good sensible girl, and obedient child, wait for the husband the gods and her parents have seen fit to provide for her. Make my most respectful and devoted regards to her, and say that her big brother Archie is coming back to claim a larger portion of her heart than she ever accorded to him in her childish days."

The letter closed by saying the writer would be at Moreland in the course of six or eight weeks. He was about to close up that branch of the business which had kept him travelling abroad so long. After that, he should be at liberty to return to England, and he should hasten back without delay.

A handsome, girlish face had been lifted from a book which lay in her lap, and which Lillian Moreland was intently perusing, as her father entered. A pair of dark, slumberous eyes slowly awoke from apparent apathy to flashing brilliance, as the words of the letter fell upon her ears. Her cheeks became gradually flushed to a vivid brightness, and her scarlet lips changed from the smile which had wreathed them at her father's entrance into a scornful curve. She let her book slide carelessly from her lap, and then sprang up with a scowful, half-distant gesture, and exclaimed in a sarcastic, excited tone:

"And so Archibald Chaldwell is coming home, is he? coming to Moreland—and expects to find a bride all ready to receive him? Waiting to fall into his most lordly arms, which he doubtless imagined he had but to stretch forth to find them filled by this dutiful, obedient daughter; while she, poor thing, renders most devout thanks to him, to her parents, and, last of all the kind gods who have dealt so generously by her, and provided her a mate without the trouble of choosing for herself! Truly, my father, this is a most barbarous and outrageous method of wrong, and as such I must absolutely reject becoming a participant in it;" and Lillian ceased, half choking with mortified pride and vexation, as she fancied herself made a martyr of by cruel parents, and a stern, uncompromising lover.

Douglass Moreland stood gazing at his daughter with amusement depicted upon his countenance. The letter, which he had been about refolding, fell from his hands and floated into the open grate, and the hungry flames eagerly caught it in their embrace. Then bright tongues blazed up, and the words which had so angered Lillian were quickly obliterated in fire and smoke, and all that was left of the letter which had been penned in far away Cathay, was a little white heap of ashes.

Lillian stood silent and pale now. Her eye had witnessed the burning letter, and she knew that her father's anger would be aroused, for he much prized

the correspondence of his ward, whose missives were always replete with glowing descriptions of the country and people with whom he was brought in contact while abroad. But then, she had no idea of being made a martyr of, so, though she paled, and dreaded her father's roused spirit, yet her own will was now raised firm in opposition, and she determined to resist this match to the end.

For a brief space Douglass Moreland stood gazing at his daughter. Then he looked at the little white heap of ashes in the grate, and his displeasure came forth in cold, measured words.

"Lillian, you have forgotten yourself. Never allow me to hear a repetition of the words you have used but now. Go up to your chamber, and ponder well what I say to you, that when Archibald Chaldwell comes to Moreland, you are to receive him as your future husband. In this marriage you will make good the promise I gave my dying father, that our two names and families should be united by this union;" and the haughty man pointed to the door for his daughter to depart.

But Lillian's spirit flamed up anew. Her cheeks were scarlet again, and her eyes more flashing than her sire's. She took a step towards the door; then paused, with her hand upon the silver-polished knob.

"I'll obey you in seeking my room, father, but I tell you now, and shall stand by my word, that I shall not be forced into this union, for I shall never marry unless my heart goes with my hand," she said in excited tone. Then she pushed open the door and went out, leaving it to swing to with a heavy, angry clang.

Douglass Moreland gazed after his daughter with a dark frown upon his noble, haughty features. After a little he began to slowly pace to and fro the room. The frown gradually receded from his brow and a pained look took its place. He paused in his walk, and sank into a capacious chair which stood near the centre table; and, covering his face with his clasped hands, bowed it upon the cold marble, while he murmured in broken voice, in which grief and sorrow were paramount:

"The old, old wound is breaking out afresh, and my daughter is the innocent cause. But I cannot bring my mind to explain the story to her; for it seems too sacred, even for the ears of a child. But I must endeavour to keep my promise, and reparation may be made at last, through this union between Lillian and Archibald for the wrong done so many years ago?"

While Douglass Moreland moaned out his broken sentences, up in her chamber above him, his daughter Lillian was pacing back and forth with mingled feelings of anger, grief, and indignation, welling within her breast.

"I wonder if my father and Archibald Chaldwell think I am but a mere puppet in their hands, to be turned which way they list?" she exclaimed vehemently. "Ah! but they will find out their mistake, for I am a child no longer, but a woman, with thoughts and feelings for myself, and a heart which must be consulted ere this business arrangement proceeds. And if my father insists upon my receiving Archibald Chaldwell as my affianced husband, I will just inform the latter of my intense hatred and abhorrence of himself, and of this union, and render myself so obnoxious to him, that he will only too gladly release me from the bonds," and Lillian uttered the latter resolve with a triumphant tone and a brightening countenance, which indicated how sanguine she felt.

"What is it that you are going to make yourself obnoxious and hateful about, that you look so wild—just like master when he is angry sometimes?" and old Letty, the faithful servant, who had taken care of Lillian from childhood, and who had been in the room unperceived by Lillian, approached her young mistress, and placing her hands upon the little one's clasped so tightly over Lillian's bosom, she gazed with sympathetic loving glances up into her mistress' face.

"You here, Lettice? I thought I was alone. But don't stop me, for I am miserable, and cannot be comforted;" and Lillian was about to re-commence her walk again. But the faithful nurse had her arms about her now, while she said in coaxing tones, which could not be withheld:

"Come now, tell Lettice all about your trouble, and she'll help you out of it immediately! Come, sit down here by the fire, and we'll just put our two heads together, and plan it all out; for nobody shall hurt a hair of my precious darling's head," and with coaxing, and flattering, Lettice got her mistress seated upon a low ottoman before the glowing hearth, with her fair head resting upon her own lap, and then the story came out.

After Lillian had finished, she was somewhat astonished to find her faithful nurse breaking into a hearty laugh. But Lettice explained it with:

"Why, bless your heart, I must laugh to think how they have been and planned for you, when you were but a child in my arms! But they sha'n't marry you, if you don't want to be married. No, that they sha'n't, and we'll just send Archibald back where's he's coming from, if we can't stop it any other way. But," and here Lettice looked as if a sudden thought had struck her, "but suppose, darling, you like him after all, and want to marry him; then all our pains will be wasted for nothing!"

"But I sha'n't like him, Lettice; I am determined about that. If he was a prince of the realm, and I was forced to receive him in this way, I should just utterly detest and abhor him; so we won't give that impossibility you just mentioned a farther thought," said Lillian decisively.

"Oh, no, of course not; you shall have it all your own way, and when Archibald comes flaunting home from foreign countries, we'll just make this house too hot to hold him, and he will then start back again in the next vessel that sails," answered Lettice, emphatically, her face gleaming in the firelight radiant with the smile which preluded the thought of the approaching triumph of herself and mistress over Archibald Chaldwell, when he appeared as Lillian's wooer at Moreland Hall.

Six weeks later, there was an arrival at Moreland Hall. The new comer was a tall, handsome young man, of apparently some twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He was shown immediately into the presence of Douglass Moreland, as he had, upon alighting from the coach which brought him to the door, enquired for that personage.

Lillian was absent at this time; having been away for several days upon a visit to an intimate school friend, who lived at some distance from Moreland; so there was no one but the servants to observe the new comer.

Douglass Moreland and his visitor held rather a lengthy interview at the first, for they were closeted together for nearly two hours. Then the master of Moreland rang his bell, and bade the servant who answered the summons, to prepare a room for Mr. Walter Hampden, the gentlemen present, who would be guest at the hall for some length of time.

As the servant went out to obey his master's order, he met old Lettice who was coming along the hall.

"I heard a young gentleman had come. Who is it, Peter? And is he with the master now?" She questioned, eagerly, as thoughts of Archibald Chaldwell came quickly into her mind, for she imagined it near the time for that gentleman to arrive.

"The gentleman's name is Mr. Walter Hampden, se Master introduced him," replied Peter, importantly, adding: as he was about to proceed on his mission—"Look here, Lettice; between you and me, I think this gentleman is going to stay here a considerable time; for I heard Master say to him, as I came out—" Mr. Hampden, you must just make yourself perfectly at home at Moreland, for I perceive our business relations will take a long time to adjust, and I don't want time to hang heavy on your hands!"

"Miss Lilly may praps have a chance to be hospitable, if she don't make too long a visit at Captain Wentworth's place," returned Peter. Then he added, with a knowing shake of his head: "This stranger is amazing handsome, I can tell you, Lettice; and—Miss Lilly will be pleased to set her eyes upon so fine a gentleman. No knowing what may come of it—eh, Lettice!"

And Peter uttered a significant "Ha, ha!" at the close of his sentence. But he had not quite finished his remarks, for he appeared to recollect something, and continued:

"I don't know what young Mr. Archibald Chaldwell would say to it, for he's coming home soon; and we all think Mr. Douglass intends to make a match between him and Miss Lilly. So if she goes and falls in love with this strange gentleman there'll be war in the camp directly."

Go along, you old goose, and don't stand there arranging and planning, for you know nothing about it at all! When Miss Lilly marries Archibald Chaldwell they'll both be considerably older than they are now, or old Letty don't know nothing! Just you shut up your mouth with your suspicions, and go along about your business! When Lillian comes home, things'll take their natural course, and she can make herself agreeable without falling in love with him!" Letty pursed up her mouth, and, with an indignant toss of her head, went up the oaken stairs towards her young mistress' apartment.

Just at this moment the library door was opened, and Douglass Moreland and his guest came out, and passed along the hall in the direction of the dining-room. Old Letty was on the top landing, and, with the curiosity of her sex, she peeped over the balustrade to obtain a glimpse of the visitor.

"Oh, but he is handsome! a splendid figure, and beautiful face! And he walks just like a born

prince—so proud and so firm!" she ejaculated under her breath, as her sharp black eyes were cautiously peering at Walter Hampden. "I just hope my darling will be home soon. We'll see how quick they'll fall in love with each other, and Mr. Archibald Chalwell will have to look out for another bride!"

Several days later, Lillian Moreland did return home. It chanced that her father's guest was away when she came back. Lillian was in ignorance of this fact, as she was of there being any visitor at Moreland. But Lettice soon enlightened her upon that subject, and as she was more than usually lavish of her praises upon him, Lillian at length began to feel a degree of interest in this stranger. She therefore arrayed herself with considerable care; and, as the day drew near a close, went down to the drawing-room to await his coming. Lettice had informed her of the fact that Mr. Walter Hampden was very fond of hunting, and had, that day, gone out for a run with the hounds.

But the afternoon wore away, and Walter Hampden did not make his appearance. Her father came in, saying that their guest would probably not be in till the evening.

"So we will not wait for him," he added.

"What an eccentric young gentleman, father! or is Mr. Hampden addicted to this fox-hunting life?" asked Lillian, in reply to her father's announcement.

"Mr. Hampden has, no doubt, been subject to strange freaks of disposition," replied her father.

"Why, I thought he was a young, not an old man, father; and that he was both good looking and accomplished; at least, Lettice told me so; but then she must have been deceived," returned Lillian, with a shade of disappointment visible in her face.

"So he is, Lillian. Both young and noble-looking. Not over thirty, and nearly six feet in height; and has fine eyes and good expression. It is certainly no disqualification to a man to love the sterner sports—is it, Lillian? At least, I always supposed they were looked upon as more noble for evincing an inclination for such many attributes," said Douglass Moreland, with a keen glance upon his daughter's face.

"Oh, yes; so it is, father. I think every woman would like a man better, were he to choose these bolder pleasures, to others which are more effeminate," she quickly replied.

The tea hour came and passed. Later in the evening, when her father was quietly smoking his cigar in the library, Lillian betook herself to the garden. It was a June evening. The moon had come up, and the softness of early summer was in the air. The sky was clear and blue; only a few far-off stars looked faintly down, their light paled by the radiance of the moon, which shone in queenly splendour upon the fragrant, scented earth.

Lillian sauntered along towards her favourite arbour, and, after reaching it, seated herself upon the rustic seat, which was framed in by creeping honeysuckle and jasmine.

She insensibly fell into a pleasant reverie, if one might judge by the smile resting upon her fair features. Like every young girl, she had her fanciful dreams. Perhaps she had been there a half-hour; it may have been longer, but suddenly the fancies were interrupted—the dreams broken. There came a step upon the gravelled walk outside; then the entrance of her retreat was blockaded by a tall dark figure which completely shut out the moonlight from her view. Evidently the new-comer did not know where there was an occupant within the arbour, for he whistled to his dog, Brutus, and exclaimed, as he prepared to throw himself upon the seat where Lillian was reclining:

"Come here, Brutus. We'll rest awhile, ere going up to the hall, and—and—but what have we here? declare, Brutus, you and I are not alone in this garden to-night! for, as sure as we are both alive, there's some one in this arbour beside us two!" and the speaker paused in astonishment, while Brutus, with a glad bark, sprang past him, up into the lap of Lillian, and began to caress her in joy.

Lillian now quickly rose. She had been half affrighted before perceiving an intruder within her retreat at this time of night. But now she at once recognised her father's guest, and bidding the dog be quiet, she said:

"You are Mr. Walter Hampden, if I mistake not, and my father's guest. I am Lillian Moreland; and have returned to-day from a visit away from home."

"Yes, I am Walter Hampden, and I beg your pardon for my unceremonious intrusion upon your solitude. But, as I neared the house, I thought myself of this pleasant little arbour, and thought I would rest awhile ere presenting myself within," exclaimed Mr. Hampden, in many tones.

"Be seated then, I pray you, and carry out your intention," returned Lillian, with a smile.

The two then gradually fell into an agreeable conversation, and over an hour stole insensibly away

on its silent pinions ere either thought of re-entering the house.

"Lillian, Archibald Chalwell sent me word that he will be here next week," said Douglass Moreland to his daughter, as the two, with their guest, sat over their breakfast one morning some four weeks after the events recorded. "You will recollect the conversation we once held concerning him, and will therefore heed the wishes I uttered then, my daughter," he added, breaking his second roll as he spoke, preparatory to transferring it to his mouth.

Lillian's face grew suddenly white, and her hand trembled so that she spilled the chocolate upon the snowy breakfast cloth. But she answered not a word; only strove with all her might to keep back the great sob which came rushing up and choked in her throat, and which she feared would burst forth despite her most desperate efforts at self-command.

Al! Lillian had lost her heart to Walter Hampden, though she hardly realised it fully yet. But, from that first hour of meeting in the garden arbour, she had thought of but one noble countenance, one manly form, and all her dreams had been coloured by Walter Hampden's presence.

Within her own chamber Lillian at length gave way to her grief. She had kept back the great burst of anguish till she found herself alone within the privacy of her apartment; for not even to faithful old Juno could she confide the humiliating secret which now began to dawn upon her—that she had bestowed her heart upon one who had never sought it! This, in addition to the fact that Archibald Chalwell was coming soon to claim her hand, was sufficient cause for the anguish which now bowed her head and wrung her heart.

But finally Lillian rose up, and there was a fixed resolve within her breast.

"I can never, never marry Archibald Chalwell; that is impossible." "I would be a great wrong both to him and myself!" she exclaimed, resolutely. "I will therefore throw myself upon his clemency if he persists in this union, and should the worst come to the worst, I will confess that my heart is not mine to give."

That day Lillian and her father dined and supped alone. No words were spoken concerning Archibald Chalwell. But Douglass Moreland announced the approaching departure of their guest as near at hand.

Lillian listened with apparent calmness, and save for the wild beating at her heart, she was the same as usual. She persuaded herself that she should really be glad when Walter Hampden was away. Her other plans could then the better be carried into execution.

That evening she stole out to the garden. The air of the house seemed stifling. She could not breathe freely. The forced calm of the day was passed. The reaction must come, and no eyes must behold her grief. She threw herself down upon the seat in the arbour—that spot where she had first met Walter Hampden.

"Oh, how wretched, miserable and heartworn I have grown!" she cried out weakly in her pain. "I am sick and tired of life; and if it could be, would gladly lay its burdens down! Oh! Walter Hampden, how madly I love you; and you, oh, you are cold, immovable and careless of it all! You have no heart for me, and I, Lillian Moreland, have loved unsought! But I will not complain! Fate is relentless, I perceive, and I will bear my burden in silence!"

"What does Fate bring to you, Miss Moreland, that is so hard to bear?" asked a deep, manly voice close at her side.

She started up at the tones. Walter Hampden stood before her. Her cheeks flushed crimson. His tones had been calm and unruffled; yet what had he heard? His voice sounded different from usual. There was a new ring in its tones.

"To what am I indebted to this intrusion?" she asked haughtily, as she turned upon him.

"I beg pardon," he replied courteously. "As once before I sought this arbour on my return from the day's sport, so I came in hither to-night not knowing I was an intruder. But I will go at once—my presence annoys you," and he turned away, calling to Brutus as he stepped out of the arbour.

Lillian felt that she had been rude; and so came quickly forward and impulsively laid her hand upon his arm, saying:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Hampden. I was unhappy, and hardly knew what I said just now, but I know that I was rude and unladylike."

"And what readers you unhappy?" he asked, with that same ring in his voice, looking at her the while with a new and tender light in his eyes. "Tell me why you are unhappy; and, if it lies in my power, I will remove the cause," and he took her hand in his as he spoke, and pressed it to his lips.

She drew it away with a sudden motion. But he grasped it again and held it tightly. Nay,

more, he put out both arms and drew her to his heart; saying in a strong, passionate tone.

"Lillian dear, darling Lillian, I love you fondly, devotedly. I confess that as I passed just now I overheard your words. Will you forgive me for listening, since, in doing so, they have opened my eyes, and made me one of the happiest of men?"

What could Lillian do but nestle down in his arms and accept this love. But, after a little, she roused herself, and told him of the match which her father had proposed for her with Archibald Chalwell.

"We will escape this, Lillian. We will flee from here, and be united before this new lover comes to claim you. Will you trust yourself with me, Lillian?" he asked, in a tender tone.

On the following night, when the full moon hung low in the heavens, Lillian stole forth to meet her lover. She had thrown on her hat and shawl, and caught up the portmanteau into which during the day she had placed a few articles of her wardrobe. Walter Hampden met her in the shrubbery, and caught her in his arms, saying, as he pressed a kiss upon her lips:

"You have come, Lillian, darling. You are faithful, and have not failed through fear of your father's displeasure. Everything is in readiness. The carriage waits at the gate. Now take a parting glance at Moreland, and we will away to the station and catch the train.

He took the portmanteau as he spoke, and placed the other arm about Lillian's waist, and the two turned to look back at the house. Just then Brutus, who was keeping guard on the premises, roused up and began to whine and fawn about them. Now the man stilled him, speaking caressingly, telling him to lie down quietly to rest; and the dog obeyed and went back to his former position again. Lillian felt her lover's clasp tighten about her waist. She gave one long farewell glance backward—then she and Walter Hampden left Moreland Hall together.

The moon sank lower in the west. The night died out and the morning stars paled in the heavens. Then the faint, rosy gleams of day streaked the east. The sun appeared above the horizon and the summer day broke in beauty, light, and warmth.

When the dwellers at the hall were fully aroused, old Lettice sought her master's room with a letter in her hand.

Douglass Moreland read it calmly. When he had finished, he laughed merrily, and Lettice fancied he had taken leave of his senses.

"This is just as I expected, Lettice," he said. "Lillian has fancied Walter Hampden, who is really Archibald Chalwell after all. They have gone away together. I knew of this intention yesterday, as the young man informed me of it during the day, but they will return this evening, having only taken a ride to the nearest town; so be careful that you do not mention the fact of their absence to anyone; and make ready yourself for their return, and we shall soon have a wedding in earnest!" explained Douglass Moreland.

And, during the day, the two returned to the hall. Of course Lillian had learned all about the ruse from Walter Hampden—otherwise Archibald Chalwell. Her father received her with open arms, though she had taken leave of his senses.

Shortly after, there was a *bona fide* wedding at Moreland Hall; and Douglass Moreland gave away his daughter to Archibald Chalwell, her true lover. After that, he made a little explanation to his children. Years before, in his youth, he had fallen in love with Archibald's mother. But she had been won from him unwittingly by his college chum—who was Archibald's father. She had married him. Then, after a time, he himself had wooed and won Lillian's mother. Upon the death-bed of Archibald's father, he had promised to unite the two names by a marriage between their children; and now his own happiness was increased by the union which had just taken place.

But Archibald and Lillian listened with feelings of deepest sympathy and respect to the tale; and both were thankful in their hearts that their elopement was only a farce, after all, and that Lillian had wedded the suitor chosen by her parent who had won her by this successful lover's ruse. R. W.

EARTHQUAKE.—Two smart shocks of an earthquake were felt at Comrie a few days since, at eleven o'clock, as also at Strowan. They were accompanied with a rumbling noise. The vibration was from west to east. The wind was westerly and the night fine.

MEMORIAL OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.—The King of Greece has issued an ordinance authorising the erection of a national monument to the memory of the services and exploits of the Greek Revolution. M. Tsiller, a well-known architect, has been charged with the design of this monument, which

is thus described in the *Courrier d'Athènes*:—"The monument will be erected in the Place de la Concord, one of the most beautiful squares of Athens. The principal figure is a woman standing, who represents Greece. Four other females seated personify the Peloponnesus, the islands of the Aegean Sea, and those of the Ionian. Four statues will represent—in front the Archbishop Germanos blessing the flag of liberty; on the right, the siege of Missolonghi; on the left, the combat of Navarino; and, behind, the arrival of Capodistria, of immortal memory, and King Otho. The seat of the principal personage will bear on the face the inscription, 'The Nation to the Liberators of all Countries, and on the back, 'Union is strength.'"

VALUE OF LAND IN THE CITY.—Some plots of land in Queen Victoria Street, City, the new thoroughfare from the Poultry to Cannon Street, have been let, at the Auction Mart, by Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall, by direction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, on building leases for terms of eighty years. Lot 1. The plot on the north-east corner of Queen Victoria Street and the Poultry, with frontages to each, amounting together to about 150 ft., and containing a superficial area of about 2,352 ft. There are two houses on this plot, in the occupation of Mr. Goode, tobacconist, and Mr. Brown, tailor, who are both under agreements to quit at a month's notice. This plot was eagerly contested, and was ultimately knocked down to Mr. Wheeler, of the Poultry, at the price of 2,400/- per annum. Lot 2. The plot adjoining the preceding, westward, with a frontage to the Poultry and another to the new street. The portion next the Poultry is in the occupation of Messrs. Wheeler and Co., and is subject to a lease (6½ years), but possession of the plot facing the new street can be had immediately. This plot was disposed of to the same person at 850/- per annum. Lot 3. The plot on the south side of the street, near the Mansion House, having a superficial area of about 6,296 feet, with frontage to the new street of nearly 105 ft., a frontage to Charlotte Row of nearly 95 ft., a frontage to Bucklersbury of about 86 ft., and a circular frontage to the Poultry of about 20 ft. This lot was knocked down at the price of 6,400/-, but not sold, being under the reserved price fixed upon by the Board of Works.

FACETIA.

REFLECTION BY A TALLOW-CHANDLER.—Though a man be the Mould of fashion, yet he cannot light himself to bed by the Dip in his back.

A BALMY IDEA.—According to Miss Anthony, the crying evil with women is that they will blubber; but it must be remembered that out of this blubber they make oil to pour into our conjugal wounds.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

Committees of State Legislatures are apt to use very slip-shod English in drafting their bills. This should not be. How can they expect to parse a bill unless it be couched in grammatical language?

DULCET.

HALF the duty is taken off. Sugar is down in price. Saccharissa says there is a line in Tennyson, which all consumers, whether of moist or lump, may now quote with peculiar propriety:—

"Sweet and low, sweet and low."—*Punch.*

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

A SPORTING Contemporary notices a novel Cricket Match in which the competitors were one-legged and one-armed pensioners. It concludes by saying, "The game was decided in favour of the one-legged men by twenty-eight runs." This is, of course, a mistake; the writer must mean hops.—*Punch.*

LET THEM BARK.—Miss Barkalow has been admitted to practice at the bar in St. Louis. We have frequently before seen young ladies at a bar, where others practised more than they did; but we do not see why, if Miss Barkalow wishes to bark aloud, she should not be allowed to bark, aloud or otherwise. Barking may be particularly good in a cross-examination; but we presume that a lady attorney's bark will be always worse than her bite.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON OF ART.

(Scene—The Lobby of the Royal Academy on the day of the Private View. The doors have just been opened.)

"What, you here, Captain Ragge?"

"Yaaas! Got a couple of hundred pounds to spend, and thought I should like to buy a picture, you know."

"Oh, indeed? Let me choose one for you."

"Will you, really? Thaanks! In that case I suppose it's hardly necessary for me to go up, and I'll say good-bye."—*Punch.*

WANTED THERE.—Young ladies should never have Mis-givings, except at church after a charity sermon.—*Punch.*

AMBITIOUS.

Miss Ethel: "Mamma dear, I think I shall be a Duchess."

Mamma: "What nonsense, Ethel! What do you mean?"

Ethel: "Why, how would it be if I married a Dutch?"—*Punch.*

CLASSIC GREASE.

A Paris grocer ornaments his shop windows with busts of Rochefort, done in lard, with prunes for eyes. After this, let us hear no more of the sculptures of classic Greece. But why prunes? Why, to signify that after the funeral of Victor Noir he dried his eyes.

A DEFINITION.

Shoeblack (pointing to unsteady party by the lamp-post): "Tea-totaler on the strike, sir!"—*Punch.*

THE SERVANTS.

Cook: "Yes, Susan, I'm a writin' to Mary Ann Miggs. She've applied to me for the character of my last missis, which she's thinkin' of takin' the situa-tion—"

Susan: Will you give her one?"

Cook: "Well, I've said this. (Reads.) 'Mrs. Perkins presents her compliments to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform her that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't consenably recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It's alias best to be candied, you know, Susan!"—*Punch.*

IT'S SET FOR TWENTY MINUTES.—A good story is told of a judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to hift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

A BISHOP, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, sir; but I don't find in it any mention of the Apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop, "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

THE PEOPLE of Florida will have their little joke. They inform travellers that they purpose to erect two monuments on the St. John's river, near Mrs. Stowe's residence, to commemorate the names of the heroes of her most famous novels. One of the shafts is to be dedicated to the memory of Uncle Tom, and one to that of Lord Byron.

MASTER CHARLIE, aged four years, was not pleased on being reproved by his mother for some mischievous prank, and showed his displeasure in his face, when his mother remarked: "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I tried to laugh; but, mamma, my face slipped."

A LAZY boy standing by his brother's work-bench while the latter was sharpening a chisel, said: "John, why do you work for a living? A fellow with your talents should not degrade himself by manual labour. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Frank, you can work with duller tools than I can."

FASHIONABLE lady going out of church: "What a powerful sermon! I was never before so impressed with the duty and privilege of giving freely. I am determined to do better, and to send, this very week, another new silk dress to my daughter."

An old lady being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared: "If you don't stop asking questions, I'll leave!" and then added: "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of my life."

"ONE thing," said an old toper, "was never seen comin' through the rye, an' that's the kind o' whisky one gets now-a-days."

AN ORDINARY REMARK.

Hungry Diner: "Trouble you for some more bread; landlord, I always eat a good deal of bread with my meat."

Landlord: "So I see, sir, and a good deal of meat with your bread."—*Punch.*

ETIQUETTE.

Mr. Tunks (to Coal-heaving Friend):—"Look ee're—ven you an' me's together like this, Bill, I don't mind yer a-callin' of me Joe. But, remember, ven we're in society, I'm Mr. Tunks."—*Punch.*

JOHN BULL AS LORD DUNDREARY.

Bulldeary (Reading *Deceased Wife's Sister Bill*): "Th-thuppothe I-I am a w-widower; with f-four

children, and my d-deatheated wife wath a w-widow-with two ch-childwen when I mawwied her:—If I mawwy m-my deatheated w-wife th-thither, w-what welation will her ch-childwen by her firth hustband be to my ch-childwen by my f-fifth wife? And w-what welation will my th-theeond wife be to my f-fifth wife's th-thither? W-why, my f-fifth wife's th-thither will b-become th-thorth and d-daughterth of their aunt, and b-bwotherth and th-thitherth to their c-e-coonthenth, and m-my g-gwand childwen will be b-bwotherth and th-thitherth, and n-nephewth and nietheth to their c-e-coonthenth, and my g-gwand childwen will be b-bwotherth and th-thitherth, and n-nephewth and nietheth, and c-coonthenth—and they may mawwy and—and—and who the d-dooth shall I be?"—*Punch.*

WINGED WORDS.

THE bird is at the top of the tree; and *Will* hopes that he will continue there until he, *Will*, requires him for his own benefit. In the meantime, *Will* informs his friends that they cannot rely on the price quoted in the Poultry Market price lists which appear in the newspapers. He knows of his own mere knowledge that the cuckoo, whose notes were heard on Wandsworth Common the other day, were worth to a friend of his who corresponds with country papers a new dress for his wife, some cigars for himself, and a pretty birthday present for his little girl; whilst the nightingale who was kind enough to sing recently in the Botanical Gardens—after having been tossed about in a fanciful, linguistic manner for several days—kept the wolf and the milk score off the door for an equal number.—*Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

A DIAMOND STORY.—A crystal was lately discovered in New South Wales. That there were diamonds in New South Wales was undeniable. A diamond company had been started. That too, was beyond dispute. Accordingly this newly-discovered stone must be a diamond. If it wasn't ought to be. It weighed 7 oz.; such a diamond never was seen. The manager of a bank advanced 700/- upon it without looking at it. The steamship company claimed 8 per cent. freight on it without looking at it. The owner refused to sell it; he alone had looked at it. What remained but to start a company to buy it without looking at it also? No sooner said than done. One thousand pounds to be given for the diamond, in any case, money down, and four thousand more if it proved to be a diamond; a hundred shares at 10/- a share, liable to calls, &c. Within a few hours the shares were up to 20/- to 25/-, were not to be had for love or money. Then the diamond was sent to an expert, and proved to be an excellent specimen of rock crystal.

CHARLIE.

It is quite curious to see what smart things some children say, sometimes much smarter than grown people. We have a very smart boy in our family, who goes by the epithet Charlie. Well, one day, Charlie (who has a very bad temper) got into a heat about something, and threw his brother (much smaller than himself) down the steps in front of his paternal mansion. His mother, a very quiet, pious lady, felt very badly about it. Charlie's bad humour was like the mist before the wind, and just as faithless. Charlie was cleared of all ill-humour in a little while. He came rushing in to his mother, or rather where she was sitting. She had felt very badly about the incident which had occurred. She gently called Charlie to her. Charlie was all smiles when he came to her.

"Charlie," said she, in a grave voice, "suppose you had killed your little brother—would it not have been awful?"

"Oh, wouldn't it have been awful?" replied Charlie, suddenly becoming grave, "and not a bit of crape in the house to put on the door."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR AND THE MANAGER.

An amusing little story is told by a Paris paper, which is worth repeating. A young and unknown author, fired with the ambition to see his pieces acted on the stage, was in the habit of sending an endless number of manuscripts to the director of a well-known theatre. This manager was a good-natured gentleman, who did not like to be too hard on the unfortunate authors whose works he could not accept, so he always returned this particular young gentleman's productions with the assurance that they really were not bad, but that the subject was not quite so well chosen as it might have been, and that the dialogue was scarcely telling enough. At last the ambitious but somewhat disconsolate youth became suspicious that his plays were really never read at all. Accordingly, he one day sent the director a parcel which looked like a roll of manuscripts, prettily wrapped in white paper, and tied with a red silk ribbon. In a few days he called for an answer.

"My dear sir," said the director, in his usual way, "your work is really charming, and I have read it with the greatest interest; but I regret to say I must return it to you, for the material—"

"What!" interrupted the would-be dramatist, "is it too old?"

"Oh, dear, no!" was the reply, "its only fault is that it is rather delicate and tender in its character for my theatre."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the author, "that is really astonishing."

Whereupon the parcel was opened, and an excellent fresh sausage was unrolled before the eyes of the abashed director!

"I was particularly careful," continued the young gentleman, "to get one with garlic in it, as I was most anxious that it should not be too tender and delicate!"

CHANGE IN FRUITS PRODUCED BY CLIMATE.—This has long since been noted, but so decided an alteration as that recorded as a result in the experimental garden of the Victoria Horticultural Society is unusual. The report says:—"The recorded observations of those residing in a climate like that of England are far from reliable as a guide to growers in this climate, and numerous illustrations might be given of this. Several of the pears grown in England, and reported upon as merely "stewing" pears, are found here to be melting and delicious dessert varieties; while many of the apples which are characterised by English authorities of no special merit are so changed by climate as to be among our most valuable varieties.

THE SUNFLOWER.—The following description is an extract from the Agri-Horticultural Society of the Fungus on the sunflower:—"It is an annual plant. Its seed has an edible kernel, and affords 15 per cent. of a mild oil, which is equally good for food or for burning. If the outer skin is removed it would give a still larger proportion of oil. Although little cultivated as an oil-seed, it deserves to be better known, especially as its seed is very useful for nourishing and fattening poultry. It is said to increase the number of eggs. The roasted kernels are used instead of coffee. The foliage, which is abundant, and may be partially removed without injury to the seeds, makes a good fodder for cows. The stems, which will do for sticks for peas or beans, may be burnt, and their ashes abound in potash. Sunflowers require good and fertile soil if they are to produce much seed, but they will succeed in very indifferent soil, or even in very moist ground. Their cultivation is very similar to that of Indian corn. They may be sown from April to May in lines or broadcast. It has often been said that large plantations of sunflowers are useful in marshes or places where malarious fever is common, as this plant is a decided remover of malaria."

THE RANGE OF THE WHITWORTH GUN.—In the report of the Whitworth and Armstrong Committee we find the following:—"It further appears, from the table of the ranges, combined with an inspection of the probable rectangles, that the Whitworth gun made good practice up to a range of 8,000 yards, which is about 2,000 yards in excess of the ranges attained by either of the Armstrong guns at the same elevation of 21 degrees." Some idea of the distance these modern rifled cannon can throw a shot will be formed by the general reader when he reflects that 8,000 yards represent a distance of more than 4½ miles. This, however, does not represent the carrying distance of the 9-inch Whitworth. On the 20th of November a range of 10,300 yards (more than five and three quarter miles) was attained. The shot on this occasion weighed 250 lbs., charge of powder 50 lbs., and the elevation of the gun 33 degrees. The very next day the same gun beat its previous performances. With 33 degrees 5 min. elevation it threw a shell weighing 310 lbs., with 50 lbs. of powder, 11,127 yards, "to the first graz" being upwards of six and a-quarter miles. This is stated to be 1,000 yards further than the flight of any projectile from any gun in this or foreign countries. It is proposed to arm the Thunderer with a 35-ton gun.

LOST IN A MINE.—Miller, an aged miner, and his son, thinking coal was to be found in a disused mine at Bangnock, went unknown to their friends to explore it. In doing so they encountered foul air, which extinguished their lights; they vainly attempted to strike a light with four matches. Presently they reached a purer atmosphere, but found they had lost their way. They wandered about for hours, frightened as they groped along by the fall of loose masses of rock which broke away when touched. Once a portion of the rock fell on the father, but did not injure him. Sometimes they had to crawl. They had abandoned hope, when a searching party, instigated by the wife of the old man, entered the mine. Chalking their way, they at length found traces of the missing men, and found them at some distance from each other. The father is not likely to recover; the son has recovered.

The last of the Southampton county balls for this season has been held at the Royal Victoria-rooms, Southampton, and, although not quite so

numerously attended as the previous gatherings, it was quite as successful and gratifying, the stewards having made every arrangement for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. There was a good muster of naval and military officers, several of the former being from H.M.S. Volage, which is at present doing duty as guardship off Osborne during her Majesty's stay there. Their brilliant uniforms, together with the splendid and varied toilettes of the ladies, added much to the gaiety of the scene, while the rooms, decorated under the superintendence of Miss Targett, presented a very pretty appearance. The flags, festoons, &c., were nicely arranged, and the whole decoration reflected much credit on Miss Targett, and fully displayed her excellent taste and judgment in such matters. Mr. Targett's quadrille band occupied the orchestra, and their capital performances added much to the pleasures of those engaged in dancing. The company numbered about 160 ladies and gentlemen.

PLOTTING.

On the old vine-shaded door steps
Of the little village school,
Stood Katie and Maggie Marshall,
And mischievous Robbie Poole.

Maggie, a brown-haired lassie,
With a little piquant nose,
And cheeks as downy as velvet,
And eyes as black as sloes.

Fair Katie seemed like a fairy,
With her glossy locks of gold,
And her laugh rang out like music,
At the tale that Robbie told.

The teacher stood by the window,
And said, as she glanced that way,
"I must keep my eyes about me,
They are plotting mischief to-day."

And she smiled at the remembrance
Of a dozen times or more,
When they had been plotting mischief
On the steps before the door.

All the lessons were recited,
And the school had been dismissed,
All were gone save the three young plotters
Who had lingered to be kissed.

There they stood beside the teacher.
"What will you have?" asked she.
"Miss Aggie, please," said Robbie,
"We have brought you this, we three."

Twas a simple book, a token
Of affection from the three;
I have it still, but the plotters
Are over the golden sea.

M. E. J.

GEMS.

DUTIES fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

FEW men get their life's labour accomplished without some sore heartaches.

THERE are people who are disagreeable with great merit; and others who, with great faults, are agreeable.

TOIL, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.

YOU cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and plentiful it will be.

WHAT will paralyse small minds, may incite larger ones, as the breath which extinguishes the candle will kindle and strengthen the flame upon the hearthstone.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.

STATISTICS.

THE CENSUS OF 1871.—The total amount required for taking the census of England and Wales in 1871 is estimated at 120,000/-; for the census of Scotland, 30,000/-; for the census of Ireland, 32,000. Only a small part of these sums will have to be voted this session, and the demand for the rest will be spread over probably three or four years. The last census rendered an account of the population on the 7th of April, 1861. The 7th of April, 1871, will be Good Friday. That is a time of year when there is a temporary movement of population, which might render the exact date inappropriate. The census of 1851 showed the population on the 30th of March, and the census of 1841 the population on the 7th of June.

THE BALANCE SHEET.—The account of the gross public income and expenditure of the United

Kingdom in the year ending the 31st of March, 1870, has been issued. The account of the income, amounting in the whole to 75,434,252/-, was given as usual on the day after the termination of the year; but it may be well to notice that the miscellaneous receipts include not only the produce of sales of old stores, &c., but also 717,000/- received from the revenue of India on account of army expenditure. The expenditure of the year comprised 27,053,580/- for interest and management of the public debt; 13,565,400/- for the army; 9,757,290/- for the navy; civil services, including the sums charged on the Consolidated Fund, 11,033,147/-; payment towards the expense of the Abyssinian Expedition, 1,300,000/-; customs and inland revenue establishments, 2,537,802/-; Post-office ditto, 2,316,000/-; telegraph service, 60,000/-; packet service, 1,221,552/-; making a total of 68,864,751/-, and leaving a surplus of 6,569,500/- This is less than was stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer by 1,300,000/-, because so much of the payment for the Abyssinian Expedition, the whole of which he treated as paid out of the balance at the bankers', is here placed on the debit side of the annual balance-sheet, the other 3,000,000/- appearing as a debit in the account of the balances. 200,000/- was expended upon fortifications in the year, and was raised by the sale of annuities amounting to 17,074/-, expiring in 1885. The account of the balances shows an increase from 4,707,258/- at the beginning of the financial year to 8,606,647/- at the end. Restoring to the bankers' account the 3,000,000/- taken from it for the Abyssinian Expedition, the net surplus of the year is reduced to 3,570,000/-

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM SILK, LINEN, AND WOOLLEN ARTICLES.—Four tablespoonsfuls of spirits of ammonia, the same quantity of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole together in a bottle, and apply with a sponge or toothbrush. This removes ink, paint, fruit, or acid stains from silk, linen or woollen articles.

A STRONG CEMENT FOR IRON.—To four or five parts of clay, thoroughly dried and pulverised, add two parts of iron filings free from oxide, one part of peroxide of manganese, one half of sea salt, and one half of borax. Mingle thoroughly, and render as fine as possible; then reduce to a thick paste with the necessary quantity of water, mixing thoroughly well. It must be used immediately. After application it should be exposed to warmth, gradually increasing almost to white heat. This cement is very hard, and presents complete resistance alike to red heat and boiling water. Another cement is to mix equal parts of sifted peroxide of manganese and well-pulverised zinc white; add a sufficient quantity of commercial soluble glass to form a thin paste. This mixture, when used immediately, forms a cement quite equal in hardness and resistance to that obtained by the first method.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said that the census for next year will be taken on Good Friday.

The Jockey Club have agreed to grant a committee of inquiry into turf matters—not connected with betting, however.

MALPOSITION OF HEART.—M. Martin has recorded an instance in which the heart, after death, was situated on the right side of the sternum. The case was that of a child, aged nine years, who, during life, had suffered from irregularity of that organ.

KENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the council of this society, held on the 11th of April, at Chillington House, Maidstone, the Earl Amherst, president, in the chair, several preliminaries were settled as to the annual congress of the society, to be held this summer at Sittingbourne. After the meeting many of the members inspected the remains of the Roman villa on the estate of Mr. G. E. Sayer, at the end of Stone Street, now being excavated by the society, under the superintendance of Mr. W. J. Lightfoot, the assistant secretary.

REMARKABLE YEW TREE.—A very remarkable and ancient yew growing on the Marquis of Bath's Longleat estate in Wilts. Height, 50ft.; circumference of branches, 16ft.; spread of branches from north to south, 53ft.; and from east to west, 60ft.; girth of stem at one foot from the base, 32ft.; smallest girth of stem, 24ft. 7in.; the stem, at 7ft. up, branches into several huge limbs. The age of yew trees may be pretty nearly calculated by allowing one century for every foot in diameter of stem; thus this grand old tree may be from ten to eleven hundred years old, and is healthy, growing, and in full foliage, forming a perfect cone in shape, and a lease of its life for another century or two might safely be taken.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.—The verses are a bad imitation of a clever ditty.

Tasso.—Declined with thanks.

J. A.—The standard height is 5 ft. 7 in. The measurement round the chest is not specified in the regulations.

T. H.—You had better order the works through your local bookseller.

J.—He can be severely punished, if you can prove that the act was done with a fraudulent intention.

G. S. G.—We are always open to receive manuscripts, to which we give the best consideration in our power.

FORGOT MR. NOR.—The handwriting is particularly neat. The name Harriet is generally associated with the idea of wealth, and those who bear the name are frequently called "Ettie."

D. B. A.—Your handwriting is suitable for any employment in which writing is required. Of course, other qualifications are needed. The best, if not the only method, is to apply to those who have some personal knowledge of you.

T. R.—In a case so complicated it is impossible to do otherwise than recommend you to consult a solicitor. The documents when obtained will require a very patient and careful perusal.

E. S.—We cannot discover anything about the medal you have found, but are inclined to think that it cannot be a coin; for from very early times the coinage of any country was always stamped with what may be termed a representative head.

A CONSTANT READER.—After responding in due form it yet remains to be seen whether both individuals are likely to come to any decision. When they agree, they do not find any difficulty in giving effect to the conclusion at which they have arrived.

EYES.—There is an indirect liability in both cases supposing the parish authorities to intervene, but not otherwise. The case would require careful consideration, because it must be shown that support cannot be obtained otherwise than from the person summoned, and further that he is well able to afford it.

M. GOULD.—The star referred to is a direction to cease to use the pedal. We are sorry we cannot accommodate you with the precise receipt required. The bookseller will procure the volume you wish to possess if you request him to do so. By all means proffer the hymn-book, if you feel inclined to lend it. Your last request has been complied with.

U. S. G.—The lady having attained 21 years can properly dispense with the consent of her parents if she so desire. The marriage can be legally solemnised in a Catholic Church, provided the building be duly registered. Wear boots made by a bootmaker who has studied the anatomy of the foot. The soles should not be thin. 3. The writing is very good.

H. R. G. E.—You might suffer the old love to fade from your memory without attaching a stigma to his name. The circumstances which probably compelled him to leave evidently did not erase his remembrance of you. The card sent you is a sign of his faithfulness. However, you of course can only think of him as a friend, now that his place has been supplied by a new lover; and you can, if you wish, retain a friend's portrait and be true to your new love at the same time.

FR.—There is a method of preserving fruit without employing the old-fashioned means of sugar, stew-pans, &c. Thus: pick the fruit from the stalks, put it into bottles. Put one drachm of alum into four gallons of boiling water; when cold fill up the bottles. Cork them tight, put them into a copper containing cold water. Heat it to 176 degrees. Then fasten a bladder over the bottles.

C. T. J.—Marriage acts as a revocation of the will, of either of the parties to the marriage, made prior to the marriage; but it in no manner affects the will of a third person. Therefore, the lady in question is entitled to the share bequeathed to her by her father's will; and whether such share will be separated for her own use or will go into her husband's power depends upon the terms of the will.

IGNORAMUS.—1. About fifty shillings. In addition there are fees to the clergyman, clerk, and others in attendance. These fees vary according to the condition in life of the couple united. 2. It is necessary that one of the persons should reside in the same parish in which is the church where the marriage takes place, for a period of three weeks prior to the ceremony.

MARIAN.—1. We gave a receipt for removing freckles very recently. However, a simple lotion to effect this purpose can be made of lemon-juice, powdered borax, and

sugar. Only small portions of the solids are required. 2. The sour milk may be beneficial, and can be tried when you are out of the former mixture. 3. It is said that if the hair be moistened with warm water at the time it is put into the curl-papers, the curls will be strengthened. 4. The writing is good.

ESTHER.—To the particulars which on a former occasion we gave about the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, can be added the following. The front is 400 feet broad, rising to a height of 180 feet. The dome ascends from the centre of the church to a height of 324 feet. The length of the interior is 600 feet, of the exterior 660 feet. The greatest breadth within is 442 feet, and the height from the ground 432 feet.

MINNIE W.—You will find amateur dyeing a difficult operation. For black the material must first be prepared by a soaking in what is termed the acetate of iron mordant, after which it must be boiled in water into which madder and log-wood have been placed. A lotion of glycerine and rose-water is good for the hands. For the skin, a teaspoonful of sulphur mixed in a tumbler of milk, taken occasionally before breakfast, has often proved serviceable.

TIB HARWOOD.—Since the father died intestate, the proper course to be adopted is for some one of the family to administer to his effects. The person to whom the letters of administration are granted will be the proper person to take the management of the affairs. The deceased's debts must be paid first, after which all the children take equal shares. As the property is not land, the eldest son, as such, has no priority over the others. The wife of the eldest son has no right to interfere, but it is otherwise with regard to the daughter's husband.

FRIENDSHIP'S JOYS.

As through the world I go,

From earthly cares free,

How sweet it is to know

That dear friends think of me!

How oft my weary heart

Would yield to dark despair,

Should tears for me ne'er start,

Should none my sorrows share,

And if a joy I own,

A joy that fills my heart,

I'd prize it not alone—

Some friend must bear a part:

Some fond, judicious friend,

Who loves me—whom I love—

To guide me as I wend

My way to clime above.

Oh, bright my earthly way!

Whilst home and love are mine—

Whilst sweet content doth stay,

And innocence divine.

And as I seldom go

Beyond my own "root-tree,"

"Tis very sweet to know

That far friends think of me!

adoration, which certain devout persons deem to be a necessary part of their worship. Upon these outward manifestations the High Church party place greater stress than do those who name themselves Low Church. The latter take what is termed the spiritual view of religion, and regard the sacraments as symbolic and commemorative. The former insist that by them positive grace is in a marked manner conferred upon the recipients.

WALTER, twenty-two, 5ft. 8in., and dark. Respondent must be fair, domesticated, and good tempered.

M., twenty-two, 5ft. 10in., fair, and with good expectations. Respondent must be dark, medium height, fond of music, and domesticated.

HARVEY VERNON, twenty, 5ft. 8in., auburn hair and whiskers, hazel eyes, fond of dancing and music, and very loving. Respondent must not be more than eighteen, medium height, dark, fond of home, and affectionate.

D. P., thirty, and with a business producing 300L a year. Respondent must be amiable, and possessed of a small competence.

HARRY, twenty-one, 5ft. 8in., fair, amiable, steady, and with constant employment. Respondent must be of medium height, dark, fond of home, and affectionate.

S., twenty-two, 5ft. 9in., dark, and in good circumstances. Respondent must be fair, not over twenty, and fond of music.

MADELINE, fair, high forehead, large blue eyes. Georgian nose, small mouth, golden-brown hair, and entitled to a small fortune on her wedding-day. Respondent must be a gentleman.

ALICE, twenty, tall, pretty, and with a little money. Respondent must be of good family.

F. B., nineteen, 5ft. 6in., dark blue eyes, and handsome. Respondent must be amiable, and have money.

J. C., twenty-two, tall, handsome, dark, affectionate, fond of music, and with a good income. Respondent must be of medium height, fair, fond of music, and loving.

LIZZIE, about 5ft., middle height, good looking, and a widow without family. Respondent should be a widower, with a good home.

ROSE and LILY.—"Rose," twenty, 5ft. 6in., wavy brown hair, blue eyes, good tempered, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall and dark; a railway-guard preferred. "Lily," short and plump, dark brown wavy hair, hazel eyes, rosy complexion, good tempered, and fond of home. Respondent must be fair, and in a position to marry; a tradesman preferred.

WILLIAM and JAMES.—"William," twenty-three, tall, fair, light hair, fond of home and music, and in business on his own account. Respondent must be affectionate, well educated, and domesticated. "James," twenty-five, 5ft. 5in., dark, fond of home and music, and in business for himself. Respondent must be a good musician, and domesticated.

JESSAMINE and SWEET BRIAR.—"Jessamine," eighteen, 5ft. 6in., dark curly hair, and blue eyes. "Sweet Briar," seventeen, 5ft. 5in., brown hair and eyes. Both musical, and fond of home. Respondent must not be over twenty-four.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

UNCLE DICK'S DAELING is responded to by—"J. S.", twenty-two, tall, dark, kind, and in the Navy.

BLU-EYES NELLIE by—"Percy," moderate height, dark, fond of home, and in a good position.

M. W. by—"Laughing Lizzie," twenty, tall, fair, dark blue eyes, good tempered, and fond of home.

G. C. W. by—"Miriam," eighteen, medium height, blue eyes, golden brown curly hair, dimples, good singer and player, with a warm loving heart, and an officer's daughter, entitled to 300L on her marriage.

MEDICUS by—"Madeline," nineteen, medium height, dark eyes and hair, merry, loving, and domesticated, and an officer's daughter, entitled to 300 pounds.

FLORRY by—"G. H.," twenty-five, 5ft. 8in., black curly hair, moustache, and imperial.

HANTS by—"No One to Love," eighteen, dark, handsome, and affectionate; and—"Jennie," twenty-one, dark, hazel eyes, light hair, affectionate, and domesticated.

W. X. W. wishes to hear from "An Old Maid," and for detailed particulars.

POLLY wishes for "Horne's" address.

A. W. by—"Little Emily," seventeen, tall, dark, a good pianist, and a dancer.

LOVELY JIM by—"Loving Heart," domesticated, cheerful, and nine years his junior.

R. P. by—"May," twenty, and suited to his requirements.

J. S. by—"Minnie," nineteen, medium height, pretty, accomplished, domesticated, good tempered, and moving in good society.

E. W. has not named the gentleman to whom she responds.

LOVELY JIM writes to say that he has married and is happy.

J. H. would like an interview with "Lily."

KATHLEEN MAYOURNEEN's request shall be attended to.

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- 13.—Leontine. Kate Landry's Monster.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—1. Kate has an offer of Marriage. 2. A Sad Story. 3. The Open Letter. 4. Earl de Grey and Ripon. 5. Deciding a Destiny.

FASHIONS—Chemisette in Tatting, Insertion, Crochet Lace, Embroidery, Corded Languette Pattern, Guipure with Picots, Knitting Pattern, Lace Embroidered on Net, Crochet Insertion, Knitted Counterpane, Dusting Brush, Antimacassar, Embroidery Corner, Point Lace Stitches, Cravat End in Embroidery, &c., &c.

MUSIC.—1. Forget-me-not Polka; composed by W. Sidney. 2. When the Moon Shines Bright. Song of the Gray Friar; adapted and arranged as a Solo by L. Burrowes. 3. La Bello Marie; Valse Imperial, composed by G. A. Forde. 4. The Gardener.

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